













# Legends of Scotland

VOL-3



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## LEGENDS OF SCOTLAND

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*'FAIR HELEN OF KIRKONNET,*  
CONTINUED

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### CHAPTER I.

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Thus, this way, my lord, below yon thicket stands  
the horse. Away! him pursues us! Withdrew,  
my lord, for only flight can save you!

*Richard the Third.*

"**I** HAE nae tasted a bit sin this  
morning," said George M'Sharp-  
set, sitting down in his parlour at the  
inn where we last left him. "Its but  
fair, I think, that I mak' up for't noo.  
Noo, Sukethebarrel, let's hae the best o'

every thing, for his worshipful knight wull sup.

The table was <sup>and</sup> the wine of Mr. Sukethel <sup>and</sup> credit to the taste of the old caricer, who seemed so heartily to enjoy his supper, that it inspired sir Charles Wilfred with the hope of being able to make him tipsy, and then, by the potent effects of gold on the landlord, and any one who happened to be in the way, induce them to suffer his escape, while his companion was off his guard; but he sadly reckoned without his host, and knew not the powers he had to contend with, when he thought that he could outdrink the old knight; for though sir Keenedge continued to take glass after glass, seemingly with infinite satisfaction, yet it appeared to have no effect whatever on the senses of the veteran; and at length sir Charles was obliged to give it up, for fear of becoming incbricated himself, at a moment when it was absolutely necessary

cessary that he should have all his wits about him; yet he was not entirely without hopes that the old knight might finish completely what he had begun with such ardour.

“Sir Charles,” cried sir Keenedge, “ye dinna drink. Ye hac nae half done justice to Sukethebarrel’s wine.”

Sir Charles, however, declined drinking any more, saying that he was fatigued, although he fully acknowledged the excellence of Mr. Sukethebarrel’s vintage.

“Well then, sir Charles,” replied the old knight, “dinnae let me keep ye here; there is a chamber prepared for ye, which I will noo shew ye.” So saying, he rose and led the way, the knight following him up stairs to a spacious handsome apartment, very neatly furnished, and seeming to contain everything to make it not only comfortable, but elegant. The knight looked in. No room in Wilfred Castle could ap-

pear more agreeable; but at the door stood a guard; and sir Charles Wilfred felt that he was entering a prison.

“Noo, sir,” said sir Keenedge, “I’ll no intrude upon ye further; but should ye want ony thing whatsoever, an’ ye wull juste ca’ to Andrew Halliday here, wha’s the honour of mounting guard over ye, it wull be brought ye instantly.”

“Thank you, sir,” replied sir Charles, “I am fully sensible of your courtesy in all things, and shall not easily forget it.”

The old officer withdrew, and the prisoner threw himself into one of the large armchairs, and placing his hands over his eyes, continued for some time absorbed in bitter meditation. At length he rose and examined the windows. Escape by that means was utterly impracticable. They were small lattice windows, hanging upon a strong iron bar in the centre, which would effectually

ally prevent any person from passing through them; and sir Charles being cut off from that hope, again placed himself in the chair, and continued ruminating over the unpleasant and dangerous situation into which his own crimes had thrown him. The violent agitation of his mind banished sleep from his eyelids, and for more than two hours he remained forming a thousand schemes, and alternately the prey of bitter remorse, and angry but impotent passions.

All the noises of the inn gradually died away, and the relief of the guard at his chamber-door was the last sound that had broken upon his meditation for some time, when he thought he heard a noise and whispering in the courtyard below; and looking out of the window, he saw six or seven men standing near the door of the inn, and seemingly engaged in breaking it open.

Sir Charles's heart beat high. The  
B 3 door



door gave way, and the party silently entered the house. Sir Charles grasped his poniard, which he had still retained. He put his ear to the door, and by the hard breathing of his guard, he heard that he was fast asleep. He laid his hand upon the lock. It was fastened on the outside, and his heart sunk as it resisted his hand; but at that moment he heard a step on the stairs. There was a struggle on the outside. The guard attempted to cry out, and fired his carbine. At that moment a voice he had heard before exclaimed—"Never mind the noise now! dash open the door!" There was a violent crush against it—another—and the door bursting into the room, discovered to Sir Charles the figure of the gipsy captain, and several of his wild companions.—“Sir Charles Wilfred,” cried he, “take this carbine and this sword—follow me, and you are safe.”

The knight instantly slung the carbine

carbine over his shoulder, grasped the sword, and mingling among the gipsies, followed the captain down stairs, in his way treading on the guard, who lay gagged and bound before the door.

They hurried on, but at the bottom of the staircase, a door opened, and sir Keenedge M'Sharpzet, half-asleep still, and half-wakened by the report of the carbine, staggered out in his shirt, with a candle in one hand and a sword in the other. As soon as he saw an armed party of strangers, he brandished his broadsword over his head, and advanced to the attack; but one blow from the clenched hand of the gipsy chief levelled him with the ground, and dropping the candle as he fell, it came in contact with a heap of linen, and in a moment the whole place was in a blaze.

"This way, sir Charles Wilfred," cried the gipsy captain, and led him through the inn-yard across the street, and down a small lane that led them

out to the country.—“All’s safe, so far,” cried Edward the Black Prince, “and no blood spilt; but where are the horses?”

“Round this turning,” replied one of the others; and in another moment sir Charles perceived a man holding several horses, amongst which, to his no small surprise, he beheld his own Selim.

“Now,” cried the gipsy chief to his followers, “you take different ways to the trysting place. Sir Charles, you follow me.”

There was not a moment for thought. The whole party were on their horses in an instant, and sir Charles Wilfrid almost before he knew that he was out of the inn, found himself proceeding, at full speed, on his own horse, and accompanied by a man, of whom he knew nothing but that he had once made him a prisoner, and had now given him liberty.

The pace at which they proceeded  
was

was so rapid as to preclude all conversation, and though the knight eagerly wished to question his companion, as to the route they were taking, he forbore, at that moment, from doing; so thinking it best to follow his guidance, as he was in a country with which he was unacquainted, and which, had he known, he would not have dared to travel.

At length the gipsy rather drew in his horse.—“We are now safe from pursuit for the present,” said he, “but I dare say, sir Charles Wilfred, you think this all very strange.”

“I will own that I do,” replied the knight, “for if I remember me right, you are connected with Philip Hardcastle, my mortal enemy.”

“I am a friend to Philip of Tyndale,” replied the other, “whom you have injured, but I had given my solemn promise to Ella Litchfield, to liberate you from prison, and, right or wrong, at all hazards, I have kept my

word; but this country, sir Charles Wilfred, is no longer safe for you or me, and therefore, take my advice, proceed as fast as possible to Cumberland, from whence you can go beyond the seas for a space, until this is all forgotten."

They had now arrived at the top of a hill, and stopping to breathe their horses for a while, sir Charles turned round, and looking towards the place from whence they had come, beheld the whole of the eastern sky illumined by the flames of the inn, which, though several miles distant, were plainly to be seen from the spot where they stood. For some minutes he continued to gaze on the conflagration of his prison with an undefined feeling of satisfaction, and on turning his eye on his companion, observed that his lip also was curved with a curious cynical smile.—"You seem well pleased," said the knight.

"No," replied the other; "but if you mean why I smiled, it was, that I was thinking

thinking that there would be enough in yon flame to hang us all, if it was for nothing else."

"And do you smile for that?" demanded the knight.

"Ay," replied the gipsy, "why should I not? Sir Charles Wilfred, you are not yet familiar with misfortune: but let us on our path, for the sun will soon be shining where yon fire is blazing now, and then it will not be so safe for us to ride abroad." So saying, he again led the way, and sir Charles Wilfred followed, musing over what plan it would be best for him to pursue under his present circumstances. At first he thought of following the advice of his conductor, and leaving Great Britain, until the memory of the late occurrences were in some degree effaced; but immediately the thought of leaving Helen to the arms of Adam Fleming rushed upon his mind, and made him abandon the idea; but at the same time to re-

main where he was, after all that had happened, brought the certainty of death along with it.

At length it struck him, that he might be able to bribe the gipsies to assist in endeavouring to carry Helen off, when he would at once satisfy his revenge, gratify his passion for her, and fly from the dangers which surrounded.

As he formed this scheme, the gipsy drew in his horse, and dismounting, desired sir Charles to do the same, when, leading his animal down the side of a hill, so steep that it could but keep its footing with the utmost difficulty, he conducted sir Charles into a deep glen, where two or three of their tents were erected, and into one of which he led the knight, leaving their horses to graze in the valley.

Here sir Charles found a couch of heather already spread out for him, and laying down on it, the murmuring sound of a cataract, which fell near, with  
the

the aid of fatigue, soon soothed him into sleep, and for some time he took that repose of which he had so much necessity.



CHAPTER II.  
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If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is no flying fence or tarrying here.

*Macbeth.*

THE beams of the morning sun were shining into the tent in which he lay, when sir Charles Wilfred woke. Beside him stood Ella Litchfield, with her arms folded on her breast, and her eyes bent upon him with an expression of the deepest sorrow.—“Charles,” she said, as he rose from his couch, “I have again saved you, and now,” and her eyes assumed the look of peculiar wildness, “I feel as if Fate was drawing nigh: but you must go with me into Cumberland,” cried she, laying her hand upon his wrist, and grasping it tight—“you must go.”

“I will,

"I will," replied he, "on one condition."

"Without any condition," cried she, "you must and shall go! I will conquer Fate! I hear it now! I hear the bullet ring in my ear! I see it now! I see the swords cross, and the blood——Oh, Charles! Charles! saddle your horse, and fly with me away, for Fate is behind us, and it is coming fast.—But you shall go! you are in my power, and I will tear you from your fate, whether you will or not."

"I will never leave Scotland," replied sir Charles Wilfred, "unless Helen of Kirkonnell goes with me."

"Helen of Kirkonnell!" exclaimed Ella, with a wild laugh; "no, never shall she go with thee. You may stay till your bones whiten in the sun; you may stay till the sheep eat the grass that grows from your clay; but Helen of Kirkonnell shall never go with you, nor shall she wed you even in death.

There

There is a mountain between you, and there is a gulph between you; for the mountain of death shall separate you, and the gulph between heaven and hell shall keep you asunder; and when you can climb the one, or overleap the other, then shall she be thy bride."

. Sir Charles Wilfred shuddered.

"Oh, Charles," continued she, throwing herself at his feet, "spare me! spare yourself the misery that is about to overwhelm us both! Your mother, on her knees, entreats you, in the name of Heaven, to fly from the precipice on which you stand!"

Sir Charles Wilfred was moved.—  
"Well," cried he, "after a violent conflict of passion in his own mind, "well, be it so; I will go."

"Did I hear right?" cried Ella, starting up; "did I hear right?" It is conquered! it is conquered! He is saved! he is saved!" and with a wild laugh of joy

joy she fell back senseless on the couch where sir Charles Wilfred had lain.

At that moment the gipsy captain rushed into the tent.—“ Sir Charles Wilfred,” cried he, “ they have found us out. M’Sharpset’s troopers are coming down.”

“ Some of them shall rue it,” said the knight, snatching up the carbine.

“ No, no,” replied the other, “ there is time yet—fly! They are on the hill. It will take them long to come down, the path is so steep. Keep close to the rocks, and they will not see you.”

“ But I will not leave you to answer by yourself,” replied the knight, “ for having saved me.”

“ They can prove nothing without they find you here,” said the other, hurrying him along.

With a step of lightning the gipsy led the way to the farther extremity of the valley, where sir Charles’s horse stood.

stood. The knight sprung upon his back.—“Quick!” cried the gipsy; “ride straight on, cross the stream, and I will busy them here while you escape; but keep the carbine; it may serve you in good stead.”

“Accept of that,” cried sir Charles, throwing him a purse of gold; “take care of my mother, and farewell!”

With these words he struck his rowels into his horse’s side and rode away, while the gipsy, picking up the purse, turned coolly back towards the tents, whistling, as he went, the remnant of some old Scotch air.

Just as he sauntered up to the place where his company were, sir Keenedge M’Sharpset rode down from the other end of the valley, at the head of a detachment of horse.

“Noo, search those tents,” cried he, “and see that no one escapes!” So saying, he sprung from his horse, and  
laid

laid his hand roughly upon the collar of the gipsy.

“ I’ll trouble you to let go my collar, old gentleman,” cried the gipsy, coolly; “ what do you want with me and mine?”

• “ What the deil hae ye done wi’ the prisoner? whar is sir Charles Wilfred, ye ill-far’d dirty-looking body?” •

“ Who do you mean, man?” replied the gipsy; “ we have no such name in our company. Our knights and our men of title are all on the other side of the border.”

“ Ay, my truly, I am thinking so!” said sir Keenedge; “ but where is the prisoner? have ye found him, Drawem-up?”

“ Deed no, sir,” replied the serjeant; “ he is nae in ony o’ the tents.”

“ Noo tell me,” cried the old officer again to the gipsy, “ whar this callant’s gone, and I’ll let you go; but, an’ ye refuse,

refuse, I'll hae ye a' hangit up in a string."

"I would willingly tell you any thing that I know," replied the other; "but as to hanging me up, you dare not do any such thing."

"I dar nae! Deed, but I'll soon shew ye what I dar do, for rescuing my prisoner, and setting the inn in a low; forbye that, ye are a gipsy."

"No, *that* you dare not," replied the gipsy, "shaking off the grasp of the old soldier. "In the first place, because I would not let you," looking at four or five and twenty well-armed gipsies that stood near him; "forbye, as you say, that I have a pass and safety from your own people;" and he produced it.

"Ay," replied the other, "that gives ye leave and licence to pass peaceably through the country, but not to rescue prisoners by force, nor to set a low to ither folks houses."

"No,"

"No," replied the other; "but before you talk of hanging, you must prove all that to be true; but now, if you ask fairly and quietly, as a gentleman should do, I'll give you any information that I can, but at present I do not know what you want."

"Was nae it you that set fire to the inn, Sukethebarrel's, at Sanquhar, last night? that's what I want to ken, and wull ken too."

"No," replied the gipsy, very composedly, "it was not."

"Ay!" replied the officer, "Wattie Piper, come hither, and tell me if ony o' they is the man that half-strangl't ye last night at the head o' the stairs?"

The man came forward, and looked at the different gipsies.—"Deed no," replied he; "there's nane o' them by half sae lang or sae big. I dar to say he was seven feet."

"He did nae look it to me," said sir Keenedge, "but deed I was mair sleep-  
ing



ing than waking; but he was a faa, that's nae to be denied. But I will hae they tents searched again, and that hoose there, Drawemup."

While the orders of the old officer were being put in execution, John Seymour, who was returning from Mr. Fleming's, arrived with Caroline, at that part of the hill which immediately overlooked the valley. He was proceeding down the path without perceiving the unusual sight of soldiers in that lonely spot, which, however, did not escape the eye of his companion.—“ Good Heavens, John!” cried she, suddenly stopping, “ the valley is full of soldiers; what can be the meaning of that? Surely they cannot have discovered you, and come to take you! Oh, John,” she continued, as the idea took full possession of her mind, “ let us turn back; for *my* sake, let us turn back;” and as she spoke, her hand trembled, while it rested on his arm.

Seymour

Seymour looked down coolly into the valley below, and counted the number of the soldiers, as near as he could distinguish.—“Do not fear, Caroline,” said he; “thank Heaven, whatever they want, they shall meet a warm reception. I have some staunch friends down yonder, and if they want John Seymour, they may find him better prepared than they expect. But I do not think their business is with me, for yonder sits Wullie quite unconcernedly. Nevertheless, this is no fit scene for you; so turn back, dear Caroline, and I will soon send you word what it is.”

“Let me entreat you, John,” cried Caroline, “to return yourself; but if you persist, where *you* go, *there* will *I* go too!”

Seymour in vain tried to persuade her to return. Caroline was resolved, and accompanied him into the valley, notwithstanding his remonstrances. Her  
fears

fears for Seymour were rather calmed on seeing colonel M'Sharpset, who, she was aware, had served the king, and entirely removed, when, coming forward, he exclaimed—"Ae, Miss Fleming! why, what brings you doon here? We're juste looking for that hellicut devil, sir Charles Wilfred. I had him, as I thought, safe up at the Sanquhar; but he made the hoose o'er het to hould us. Noo, I'll warrant ye'll hae cum to hae yer fortune spaed."

"Oh no!" replied Caroline, recovered from her fright, "I did not come for that; but I suppose *you* did, sir Keen-edge, and brought all your regiment for the same purpose, have not you?"

"Hoot! had yer tongue, ye saucy monkey!" replied the old soldier, with a good-humoured smile; "but deed I wish that ony body cou'd tell me what their fortune wull be; for, as things are  
at

at this present, I dinnae ken what it may be. So ye hae nae found him, Drawemup?"

"Deed, no, sir," replied the serjeant; "but here's somebody coming, teering doon as if the deevil was ahint them."

All eyes were instantly turned towards the road leading through the rocks. The first thing that Seymour remarked was the white scarf thrown over his shoulder and the white feather in his hat, and his heart beat high. Fearlessly the cavalier spurred on his horse over the rocks through the stream, past the cataract, and springing from his reeking beast with the activity of youth, Fleming of Drysant stood in the midst of them.

"Now," cried the old man, waving his hat in the air, while every weather-beaten feature beamed with joy, "now, I say, long live king Charles the Second!"

Seymour, sir Keenedge, the gipsies,  
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the soldiers, all took up the cry, and the valley echoed and re-echoed, from rock to rock, and from mountain to mountain, with "long live king Charles the Second!"

Fleming was in raptures; he kissed Caroline, embraced Seymour, shook hands with sir Keenedge, and slapped Wullie on the back, calling him a damned good cavalier.—"Ods! I had maist forgot! here is a letter for ye, lad! here is a letter, my dear boy! ay, in the king's own writing too!"

"It has been long coming," said Seymour, glancing his eye over it; "but read it, William M'Lean! read it aloud!"

Wullie took it, and standing in the midst, whilst every eye was fixed on him, and every ear bent to listen, he commenced—"To the right honourable lord John Seymour, earl of C——."

A deep groan burst from the lip of the gipsy chieftain; for a moment he staggered back, then springing forward, threw

threw himself on the neck of the young nobleman—"Oh God! my son! my son!" he exclaimed, and burst into a flood of tears.

Seymour raised him from his bosom, gazed at him, seemed to trace every feature, then again pressed him in his arms—"My father! indeed, my father! Oh, God of Mercy!" he exclaimed, fervently clasping his hands together, "this is too much! at once restored, my father, and my king!"

Caroline stood by, hanging on the arm of Mr. Fleming, while smiles and tears (but both of pleasure) beamed together on her face.

"Why, what the deevil! is it you, my lord," cried sir Keenedge, looking in the face of lord C—"—*you*, wha stoppit that roond-headed imp frae ding-ing my harns oot at Worcester wi his aixe? and I te tak' ye for a faa a' the time!"

Lord C——, now a little recovered,

took the hand of his son, and in turn seemed to scan every line of his countenance.—“ Did I not see you fall beside me?” he exclaimed at length.

“ Ay, that did ye, I can swear,” said sir Keenedge M‘Sharpset, “ for I saw it too, and I thought he was as deed as a door-nail.”

“ True,” replied the young man, “ I did fall; but, as I was only wounded, I was taken into a tent with many others, who were, like me, prisoners, doomed to be sold to the American planters. In the tent I should have died through loss of blood, but for the assistance of one of my fellow-captives, who humanely bound up my wounds; and I should also have remained in slavery until this moment, had it not been for the generous assistance of William M‘Lean, who, if you remember, was a serjeant in your regiment.”

Lord C—— immediately recollected him, and poured forth his thanks for  
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the deliverance of his son, with all the wild enthusiasm by which he was characterized.—“ Oh, John,” he cried, turning to his son, “ the thought that I saw you die beside me has almost bereaved me of my senses! How I escaped from that horrid field I know not; but almost before I recovered my recollection, I found myself wandering in the wilds of Cumberland.”

“ Lord C——,” said Mr. Fleming, advancing towards him, “ I am sorry to be obliged to send this lad awa frae ye again, but it is necessary he should gang immediately to Stirling, where the king’s messenger waits for him on business of import.”

“ We will never be parted again,” cried lord C——; “ I will go with him.”

“ Then ye must set oot directly, my lord,” said Mr. Fleming, “ for the messenger has been long detained in his journey here. Look to him noo,” cried



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the old gentleman, pointing to Seymour, who was at that moment speaking to Caroline. Mr. Fleming then spoke to lord C—— for a few minutes in an under-tone.

“Certainly,” cried the nobleman, while his dark eyes seemed to sparkle with pleasure. “Madam,” continued he, advancing towards Caroline, “I am but a rude-looking man to take a lady’s fair hand; “my son is obliged to set out immediately for Stirling; I will, of course, accompany him, but, before we go, suffer me to request that this may be promised him on his return;” and gracefully bending his head, he raised the soft small hand he held to his lips.

Caroline blushed and smiled.

“Madam,” said lord C——, “your looks are eloquent; and, oh, may the days of your future life be happier than mine have been! but yet a meeting such as this has been is worth purchasing, even by an age of sorrow.”

Lord

Lord C—— now, for a few moments, retired into the cottage of William McLean, by whose assistance he altered his dress to one more suiting his rank, and rejoined the circle, no longer habited as a gipsy, but dressed elegantly, yet simply, in the costume of the day, and adorned with the order of the garter, which he had borne from the fatal battle of Worcester, and had always retained about him. Being now prepared to set out for Stirling, he turned towards the gipsies—"You," my faithful companions," said he, "must not be unprovided for; take that purse, which was intended for you," he continued, giving them the one sir Charles Wilfred had left with him. "In a few weeks," he proceeded, "I shall certainly depart for London, to cast myself once more at the feet of my sovereign: follow me thither, where I hope I shall be able to do something for you all; but in the meantime, for Heaven's sake, take care

of that unfortunate woman," pointing to Ella, who had come forth from the tent, and was now sitting hard by on a rock, silent and motionless, without casting one glance of inquiry towards the scene which was passing around her.—"Obey her commands, as far as you can, for there seems in her mind something more than human."

"Weel, my lord," said sir Keenedge, "I juste wish ye all manner o' prosperity, but ye'll be doing me a singlar favour an' ye'll tell me whar I shall find sir Charles."

"That I cannot do," replied lord C——, "for I do not know myself; but, my good sir, if you will take my advice, you will ride over to Kirkconnel, and inform sir Gilbert Irvine of your prisoner's escape, for, I fear me, his intentions are not of the best."

"And that's what I am juste thinking too, and so I will wish you gude-by, my lord," said sir Keenedge, taking the  
hand

hand of lord C——, and shaking it heartily; "and as we were fellow-sodgers thegither, why, if we never meet again in this world, whilk indeed, maist like, we never shall, God speed and prosper ye! that's a sodger's prayer!" So saying, the old man sprung lightly upon his horse, and led his troopers out of the valley.

Lord C—— took an affectionate leave of all his old companions, who now crowded eagerly round the chief, that for nearly nine years had led them, without, in one instance, forfeiting the respect, esteem, and affection, which had constantly influenced them towards him. There were some that prayed for his prosperity, and some that wept for his departure; but there was not one that did not regret the loss of a man whose kindness had taught them to love, and whose superiority had forced them to admire him.

Lord C—— and his son then pro-  
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ceeded

ceeded on their way towards Stirling, accompanied, as far as Drysant, which lay in their road, by Mr. Fleming, Caroline, and William M'Lean; and here lord John Seymour took leave of Miss Fleming, it being agreed that their marriage should take place immediately on his return; after which he was to accompany his father to the court of London.

They now journeyed on rapidly towards their destination, but, on their arrival, Seymour found the business he had to transact too complicated to admit of haste, and notwithstanding his impatience, was obliged to remain at Stirling for some weeks.

In the meanwhile, sir Charles Wilfred rode on in a north-easterly direction, and proceeding at as rapid a pace as his little knowledge of the country would permit, endeavoured to avoid all towns and villages, and kept, as far as possible, from the main road.

After riding for three or four hours,  
under

under a hot sun, in the month of June, he began to grow exceedingly fatigued, and his horse also seemed to flag.—“ I must have now got into some place where I am not known,” thought the knight, “ and may safely get myself some refreshment; at all events, I cannot go much farther.”

With this idea he rode up a hill, and looking down into a little valley at some distance, perceived, to his great joy, a group of houses.

Towards them the knight directed his course, and riding his exhausted horse slowly down the side of the hill, got into a small path, which, winding through a wood, he concluded, would lead to the village.

At last, to relieve the animal, he dismounted, and led him along the path, which, after several windings, brought them to a small open space, and sir Charles Wilfred found himself standing by the little stream of the Kirtle, close

by the spot from whence he had been carried into the lead-hills by Philip Hardcastle.

As soon as this unpleasant conviction was forced upon his mind, he turned his thoughts to what was best for him to do. If he attempted leaving that place during the daylight, he was almost certain of being met and recognized by some one who would know him; whereas, if he staid there, it was not likely that any one would come down a path which led only to the stream. There was one circumstance, however, which determined him—his horse could proceed no farther.

To be in as much security as he could, having taken his resolution to remain, he sought out a place, at a little distance from the path, which, being surrounded by bushes, would effectually prevent his being seen, even should any person pass by; and having refreshed himself with the stream, and given his horse to drink, he

he led him to the covert, and unloosing his girths, tied him to the stump of a tree. Here unslinging the gipsy's carbine, which he had still retained, he laid down on the grass, and for some time continued in bitter reflection; but the painful effects of his crimes had not, in the slightest degree, eradicated from his bosom the passions to which they owed their birth; and even then he lay, meditating over a thousand schemes for gratifying his hatred and desire of vengeance, although wanting the power to put them in execution.



### CHAPTER III.

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What am I? where?

- Sad, silent, all—the forms of dumb despair  
 Around some mournful tomb! What do I see?  
 The soft abode of innocence and love  
 Turn'd to a house of death—a place of horror!  
 Ah! that poor corse! pale—pale—deform'd with  
 murder!

Is that my Sigismunda?

*'Tancred' and Sigismunda.*

WHEN Helen Irvine descended to the breakfast-room on the day after Philip's meeting with his sister, the gloom which the occurrences of the preceding day had occasioned had in some degree returned upon her mind; nor had it entirely worn off when (being Sunday) she accompanied Adam Fleming and her father to the little village-church.

After

After their return, Helen proposed to walk into the valley, and the old knight left them to enjoy each other's society alone.

The sun was shining high in heaven, as they commenced their walk towards the banks of the little stream that ran in the dell just below the house. It was the beginning of a bright summer afternoon, and if a cloud now and then dropped over the sky, or interrupted the sunbeam, it was like a drop of sorrow in the cup of happiness, just bitter enough to be tasted, yet soon enough over to leave the sweet unmixed behind; and the sky seemed purer, and the sunbeam looked more bright, when the wind had wafted away the shadow that obscured them. Cities and courts were far away, and the only noise that reached the ear was the hum of the light people of summer, or the occasional note of the wild birds that, every now and then, would break into untaught

taught melody among the shades of the nut-trees which clothed the bosom of the valley. Every thing around appeared to delight in repose, and even the murmurs of the little stream that glided at their feet stole upon the silence but to whisper peace.

The bosom of Helen had now greatly recovered its tranquillity, and wandering along, hanging on the arm of the man she loved, her every feeling assimilated with the calm harmony of the scene.

"Helen," said the young cavalier; "I have often wondered how man can suffer his passions to stimulate him to war and bloodshed, when nature in herself appears so beautifully peaceful; that is, in scenes like these I have thought so."

"Yes," replied Helen, "but men are not always in scenes like these, and you yourself, Adam, are sometimes inclined to anger, as well as others; for my own  
part,

part, whatever scenes I am in, I always wonder how people can prefer war to peace, or tumult and danger to quiet and security; it seems to me the next thing to madness, if not madness itself: true it is, I am not very well fitted for toil and tumult; I am tired already; so I will sit me down beneath this little tree, that bends so gracefully towards the water."

Thus saying, Helen sat down beneath the shadow of a little silver birch, whose bending head seemed to contemplate its own elegance in the stream below, and Adam Fleming, stretching himself by her side, gradually stole his arm round her waist, and looking smilingly in her face, he said—"Are you sure, Helen, that this sir Charles Wilfred has not run away with any of your smiles? you look very grave, dear girl."

"He may have drawn them away," replied Helen, "though he has not taken them away, I am sure; but he really

really was so violent yesterday, that he frightened me very much."

"Nay then I shall dislike him more than ever," replied sir Adam, "for banishing those smiles that used to shine so sweetly upon me."

"Nay, don't be alarmed," replied Helen, "they will soon return. I hope he will quickly be able to prove his innocence of the foul crime he is charged with, and then go away to his own country and leave us at peace."

For some time Helen remained in conversation with her lover: his arm remained unreproved round her waist; her hand was clasped in his, and one expression of fondness succeeded another, till vows of love and constant affection supplied the place of all other conversation. At length Helen started.—"I thought I heard a noise," she cried.

"Oh, no!" replied the young baronet, "it was but the rustling of the wind among the trees on the other side of the stream,"

stream," and replacing his arm, he continued what he was saying.

The next moment, a noise was plainly heard amongst the bushes opposite, and in an instant sir Charles Wilfred stood before them. Rage, hatred, mortified pride, desperate revenge—every evil passion was swelling within his bosom. He saw her that he really loved in the arms of the man that he detested, because he had injured him. His brain was heated almost to madness, and, with a look of inexpressible fury, he levelled the carbine which he carried towards the breast of sir Adam Fleming.

Helen, who had started from the arms of her lover the moment she was conscious of the approach of another, threw herself between Adam Fleming and his enemy. There was a flash—a report—a faint cry, and fair Helen of Kirkonnel sunk at the feet of her lover. But a moment of horror was allowed to sir Charles Wilfred to reflect on what he

he had done, but that moment was a hell.

One bound brought sir Adam Fleming across the stream. His sword sprung from its sheath. It crossed that of the knight.—“Villain! detestable villain!” cried he; and in a single pass the blade of sir Charles Wilfred flew from his hand, and the weapon of his injured friend passed through his body. Sir Adam, mad with rage and despair, caught him by the breast, and again and again plunged his sword into his bosom; then, casting him from him, he gazed at him for a moment, while, with a convulsive shudder and a deep groan, the spirit of the murderer departed for ever.

He then recrossed the brook, and kneeling down by the side of the beautiful murdered Helen, he raised her head upon his knee, and sprinkled some of the water from the stream upon her face.—“Helen! Helen!” he exclaimed, with a look of agony, “for Heaven’s sake,

sake, dear, dear Helen! open your eyes, and look upon me once more. Oh God! oh God! how have I deserved this?" He gazed upon her for a moment in silence, and at length her lip began to move, and faintly and slowly she opened her eyes. At first she seemed totally unconscious, but gradually recovering her recollection, she fixed her look, with a faint smile, on the face of her lover.—“ Dear, dear girl!” cried he, endeavouring to staunch the blood that now began to flow quickly from her bosom, “ I hope that you now——”

“ Do not hope,” said Helen, faintly; “ Adam, I am dying.”

“ Oh, that villain! that detestable villain!” cried he.

“ Hear me, Adam,” said she, speaking with difficulty, “ for I have not breath to waste. Do not grieve, dear Adam, that the shot has reached me, instead of him for whom it was intended. Oh! had it killed you, think what  
more



more than death I must have suffered. Adam, I feel—I feel that it is all passing away. Farewell, and believe me, if I could have chosen, I would have died thus—in the arms of Adam Fleming—by the shot that was meant for his death. Farewell!”

Adam Fleming bent down his head, and pressed his lips upon hers, while tear after tear coursed each other down his cheek.

“Oh, Adam!” she exclaimed, “farewell! do not grieve.” She pressed his hand tight in hers. A faint smile for a moment illumined her countenance—a bright dying gleam glittered in her eye. She drew a deep sigh, and in an instant, without a struggle, the pure spirit fled to the throne of her Creator.

Adam Fleming gazed on the beautiful form of her he loved. A minute before it had been animated by youth and health—it had been enlivened by wit and gaiety—it had been adorned by  
every

every talent and every virtue that could shine in woman, and now, cold and inanimate, it lay, not like the ruin that passing years have gradually bowed, but like that which a sudden moment of desolation has trodden under foot, in the acme of its glory, and in the instant of its highest prosperity. •

He gazed on her—his heart felt scared, and his brain seemed to turn.—“She is gone!” whispered he, softly—“she is gone!” and gently laying down her hand on the grass, as if fearful of awakening her, he again fixed his eyes on her still lovely countenance—“Helen,” said he, with an unnatural calmness, “you sleep—why should I not sleep too, and be at rest? yes, I follow you!” and raising his sword from the ground, he deliberately fixed the hilt in the earth, and pointing it towards his bosom, another moment would have terminated his sorrows for ever; but at that instant  
he

he was caught in the arms of sir Keenedge M'Sharpset.—“Gude preſer us!” cried the officer, “is the callant poſſeſt? I cam looking for ſir Charles; but,” ſeeing the inanimate form of Miſs Irvine, “I’m thinking that I cam too late.”

“Too late, indeed!” ſaid Philip Hardcastle, who had followed ſir Keenedge. “Sir Adam,” continued he, taking the ſword, “forbear!—nay, indeed, you muſt forbear! Think you, if you thus wilfully fly in the face of your God, ever to meet her you have loſt, in another world?”

“Then, in charity,” cried the unhappy young man, “plunge your poniard in my boſom, for my heart is withered, and my brain is on fire.”

“We muſt endure, ſir,” replied Philip—“Chriſt endured for us; and would we partake the benefit of his ſacrifice, we muſt not murmur at the diſpenſations of the Almighty.”

“But

"But whar has this incarnate deevil fled?" cried sir Keenedge.

"Fled!" exclaimed Adam Fleming—"fled! think you he did *that*, and fled? Would he were alive, that I might slay him again!" and he pointed with his hand where the murderer lay.

Philip looked at the body.—"It is fulfilled," cried he; "with death in his eye, and murder on his hand, three times has the sword passed through his body."

"It is a pity that we wudnae hang him," cried sir Keenedge, "for he did nae merit to sa' by the sword of a gentleman."

"Villain! villain! execrable, villain!" cried sir Adam. "Oh! death was too good for him! 'Think," continued he, grasping Philip's arm with a wild look, "to kill my Helen!—my dear, my beautiful, my excellent Helen! I am the veriest wretch on earth. Oh, Heaven! Heaven, let me not blaspheme!"

and he threw himself down by the side of all he had once loved and valued.

Philip was at length obliged to remove him from the spot by force; with the assistance of sir Keenedge, he conveyed him, in a state bordering on distraction, down to the little inn at Kirkonnel, and then requested the officer to break his loss to sir Gilbert Irvine.

“ I’m no fit for’t,” cried the old soldier, turning away—“ I canna do’t! I canna beer to brak the auld man’s heart! send some ane else.”

It was at length agreed to request the clergyman of the place to communicate the unhappy tidings, which he kindly undertook. It was done as delicately as possible, but the stroke was too deep ever to be recovered.

Sir Gilbert Irvine followed the remains of his daughter to the grave; he threw the first earth on her, in whom had centered all his hopes of the declining years.

He

He wept over the blight of all his prospects of happiness; and day by day he travelled quickly onward towards that country, from whose bourne no traveller returns. It was over—sir Gilbert Irvine died, and they laid him beside his child.

• In the meanwhile, the unfortunate Adam Fleming, by the advice and persuasion of sir Keenedge M'Sharpset, retired to the Redhall Tower, the ancient seat of his family: here he remained for some weeks; but, at length, hating every place connected with his misery, he quitted Scotland for the Continent, and constantly accompanied by his humble but faithful friend, Philip Hardcastle, dared every danger, and plunged into the thickest of peril and the hottest of the war, in fighting against the infidels; hoping that some friendly arm might rid him of a life, now become most burdensome to him. His very daring was, most likely, the reason that he still remained uninjured, as also did Phi-

lip Hardcastle, who, for his brilliant courage and successful exploits, received the honour of knighthood, and soon after returned with his friend into Spain, having acquired together much and deserved applause. .

But within his bosom, sir Adam Fleming bore a wound which slowly, though certainly, destroyed his life. Finding that he had not much longer to live, he embarked for Scotland; but ere his setting out, he is said to have written the beautiful little ballad, which, set to one of the most plaintive of the Scottish airs, still bears the name of his unfortunate mistress.—



*FAIR HELEN OF KIRKONNEL.*

I wish I were where Helen lies !

Where, night and day, on me she cries—

I wish I were where Helen lies,

On fair Kirkonnel lea !

Oh,

LEGENDS OF SCOTLAND. : 53

Oh, Helen fair ! oh, Helen chaste !  
Were I with thee, I should be blest ;  
Where low thou liest, and at thy rest,  
On fair Kirkonnel lea.

Oh, Helen fair, beyond compare !  
I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for ever mair,  
Until the day I die.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet put o'er my e'en ;  
I wish my grave were growing green  
On fair Kirkonnel lea.

Curst be the heart that hatch'd the thought,  
~~And~~ <sup>the</sup> curst the hand that fir'd the shot,  
When in my arms dear Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me.

Oh, think nae ye my heart was sair !  
My love dropt down to rise nae mair.  
Oh, think nae ye my heart was sair  
On fair Kirkonnel lea.



54. . . . . LEGENDS OF SCOTLAND.

Where Helen lies—where Helen lies—

I wish I were where Helen lies :

Soon may I be where Helen lies,

Who died for love of me !

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The grave of the murderer was on the spot where he fell. It is not known by whom it was dug, but, on the evening of that fatal day which blasted the happiness of many, the body of sir Charles Wilfred remained on the bloody spot where the sword of sir Adam Fleming had stretched him. The next morning it was there no longer, but in its stead was found a little hillock of earth, underneath which he is supposed to have been placed. By the side of it, those who first saw the alteration observed also an empty space of ground, dug in the form of an unfilled grave, and for seven nights a thin figure in white was seen hovering round the spot.

It

It is also said, that at the hour of midnight, for those seven nights, a strain of almost unearthly melody was heard floating upon the air. The eighth day the grave was filled up, and at night the curious, yet frightened villagers were no more alarmed by the wild chant which had proceeded from the spot, nor the passing traveller startled by the gliding form that had before haunted the little coppice near which he fell.

The day after, it was observed that a company of gipsies passed the border into England; travelling slowly, they at length arrived near London. They were the same who released sir Charles Wilfred; but Ella, the prophetess, was no longer with them. They communicated their arrival to their late chief, now one of the principal nobles in the gay court of king Charles the Second.

Lord C—— did every thing in his power to provide for his old companions,

and to render their future lives comfortable; but finding the attempt to reclaim them from their wandering habits perfectly fruitless, he bestowed on each of them a sum of money, as a token of his gratitude for their services to him while in concealment, and left them to pursue their own inclination.

The money, as may be imagined, was very soon dispersed; and choosing a new leader, they returned to their old custom of strolling about the country; but never, till their company was totally extinct, ceased to boast, that, for a period of more than nine years, they had been commanded by the celebrated lord C——.

Shortly afterwards, that nobleman was joined in London by his son and daughter-in-law, the beautiful sister of Philip Hardcastle. She was introduced, as a matter of course, at the court of the gay monarch; but the pure, yet enthusiastic mind of Caroline had formed a very different

ferent idea, both of the king to whose cause she had so warmly attached herself, and of the persons he would select for his friends.

Whether it was personal offence, or general disgust, that caused it, is not known; but Caroline conceived such an insuperable dislike to living in the court, that Seymour, at her entreaty, gave up all the attractions and honours which it offered to him, and retired to spend the principal part of his life in Scotland; yet often, in after years, he would ask his wife what more she had expected in king Charles than she had met with?

“Why, I thought, John,” Caroline replied, “that he would have been something like you.”

## CHAPTER IV.

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“                      No, mild seraph !  
                     Faint not to life—I cannot linger here,  
                     Cut off from thee !      *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

It was near twenty years after the tragical death of Fair Helen of Kirkconnel, that Wullie Stoupfu, now an old white-headed man, was sitting on the little bench in front of the change-house, and telling to his grandchildren the sorrowful history of the lovers, when two cavaliers rode slowly up to the inn. The rich cloaks of each of the strangers, on the bosoms of which shone a brilliant star, together with their belts and spurs, told that they had distinguished themselves in martial achievement. But it  
    was

was evident that the race of one of them was nearly run : pale, ghastly, and emaciated, it was with difficulty that he alighted from his horse, although assisted by the other, who seemed to pay him the kindest and most respectful attention ; but though care and sickness had made dreadful havoc on features and person once strikingly handsome, yet there was still a bold look and innate elegance of appearance, which, without the aid of dress, would have denoted to those who saw him, that the stranger was of gentle blood. When he had dismounted, he took the arm of his companion, who pressed him to enter the inn, and repose himself.

“ No,” replied he, “ it will soon be over now ; if I have strength to reach it, it is all ; lend me your arm, sir Philip, for yet a little way.”

They were then seen to walk slowly to the fair green slope known by the name of Kirkonnell Lea. When they

had reached the top, sir Adam Fleming stood for a moment, and gazed about him; his eye traced the course of the little brook that ran almost close to his feet, and at length fixed upon a small grassy hillock, still shadowed by the boughs of the silver birch, that seemed to weep, in harmony with the plaintive murmur of the stream, for her who slept in death beneath its shade.

“A little farther,” said sir Adam, “and then my sorrows will soon be over.”

Philip made no reply; he would not mock him by a hope, but accompanied his unhappy friend to the little grassy tomb. Here sir Adam paused, and seemed mournfully to recall the memory of other days. His dim but fine eye for a moment seemed to glitter with an unwonted beam; it was not the flash of anger—it was not the tear of grief, that appeared to make it sparkle; it seemed a ray of hope, but so mingled with sorrowful

rowful recollections, that it was more like a bright cloud than a sunny sky.—“Now, Philip,” said he, “leave me,” and his voice trembled as he spoke, “leave me here for an hour, and if then you will come back——” His friend hesitated. “Sir Philip,” continued the other, assuming a calmer tone, “you have done me many favours—let me beg you to do this, and leave me;” and he withdrew his hand from the arm of sir Philip Hardcastle, who then moved on for a few paces; but seeing his friend stagger for want of his support, made a movement to return, but sir Adam supported himself against the little birch-tree, and waving his hand to him to go on—“Farewell!” he said—“farewell, Philip! my tried, my affectionate friend, farewell!”

Sir Philip dashed the tear from his eye, and walking hastily down into the valley, was out of sight in a few minutes. While there, he gave way to the painful feelings



feelings that overpowered him. When he had somewhat recovered himself, he took a letter from his bosom, which had before been given to him by sir Adam Fleming. It only contained these words :—" Bury me simply by the side of Helen Irvine !"

It was less than an hour when he returned towards the spot where he had left his friend, and as he traced along the course of the little brook, he bent his eyes eagerly forward, in the hopes of seeing him still there, but in vain. The single birch-tree met his eye, and the small green hillock below it. He hurried on—he climbed the bank. At his feet was the lone grassy mound that contained Helen Irvine, and stretched upon it was the inanimate form of sir Adam Fleming.

Philip gazed in silent grief on the motionless object before him ; then bending down, he raised the head of sir Adam on his knee. His lip yet quivered

vered with the breath of life; he opened his eyes, and smiled upon the affectionate friend that hung over him. Philip felt a slight pressure of his hand—it was over, and from the same spot where Helen Irvine fell, the spirit of her lover flew to the throne of mercy.

Sir Philip Hardcastle mourned over his friend, and sincerely mourned. Years of kindness mutually experienced, and dangers shared together, had bound them to one another by no common ties; those ties were broken for ever, and he felt as if he was alone in the world. To sir Adam Fleming he had owed every thing, and on him every affection of his heart had fixed; he was gone, and now he looked round without finding one being with whom his heart assimilated, for Caroline he had lost some time before.

After lingering for a while round the spot where he had laid the best of friends, he again returned to the Continent,

ment, and tried to drown, in the strife and noise of war, the recollection that such things had once been.

Year rolled on year, and he rose, through different gradations, to the highest rank in the Spanish army, in every station distinguishing himself for his unstained honour, his brilliant courage, and his military skill.

At length, in the most elevated station which he could attain, in the moment of victory, and the acme of glory, he fell universally beloved, respected, and regretted; nor once, in the whole course of a long life, shewed himself unworthy the friendship of Adam Fleming.

Ere sir Philip Hardcastle left his native land, never to return, he took care to fulfil exactly the last wishes of his hapless friend, and placed his remains by the side of her who had died for him. No pageant conducted his body to the grave—no weeping sculpture denoted

ed the place of his repose ; but the story of his sorrow is told from father to son, and even to this day may be seen the plain stone which marks his long abode, and the only motto that it bears is a sword and a cross carved on it in a rude fashion, with the simple words—“ *Hic jacet Adam Fleming.*” •



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**ROSLIN CASTLE.**

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# ***ROS LIN CASTLE.***

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## **CHAPTER I.**

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When through life unblest we rove,  
Losing all that made life dear,  
Should some notes we used to love,  
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,  
Awak'ning thoughts that long have slept,  
Kindling former smiles again,  
In faded eyes that long have wept! .     MOORE.

.....

Strange things I have in hand, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

MACBETH.

**T**HERE is scarcely any individual who has crossed the Tweed, and set foot on Scottish ground, that has not visited Hawthornden, and wandered round Roslin



Roslin Castle. Something impressively pleasing is experienced on beholding the efforts of other days, though the monument crumbles to the dust it was meant to protect, and the column falls to the ground from which it was raised ; but the name of Roslin Castle will live, on the breath of music, long after the plough has passed over its walls, and the classic memory of Hawthornden will remain, while the name of Drummond, and the taste for poetry, shall exist. I know not whether the air ~~is more~~ musical, or the scene more poetic, but to my ear the clear notes of a Dalkeith carter, as, whistling the melodies of ~~the~~ native land, he has walked along the road to Edinburgh, have borne more of music, of pathos, of sentiment, than the voice of the finest performers I have heard in other lands ; and in the scenes round Hawthornden who would not be a poet ?

It was in these scenes that the gay, the handsome lord Morven first beheld  
Catharine

Catharine Lilliesleaf; and though their families were totally opposed in political principles, admiration and esteem soon warmed into affection and love in the bosom of the young nobleman. Catharine's heart was longer in being caught, or at least she was longer in confessing it; yet still lord Morven knew her favourite walks, and Catharine was not so averse to his company as to change her path, on purpose to avoid him. Through many a summer's day they wandered along together by the banks of the Esk, till at last the company of Morven appeared to Catharine as a matter of course; but still he could gain from her no acknowledgment of her affection, although he pleaded with all the eloquence of youthful love.

At length he was obliged to quit his native country, on a mission from his father, and he abruptly informed Miss Lilliesleaf of his approaching departure. There are moments in which the heart  
is

is softened by external circumstances—a beautiful scene, the time of year, the sound of some loved melody, will often call recollections, or awaken ideas, that render the bosom more easy of access, and unlock the avenues of the heart. It was one of these moments with Catharine, when she was told of her lover's departure—she was told suddenly, and she burst into tears.

Her tears were a confession; that once over, and the reserve of Catharine was vanquished. Absence tried their affection, and after a few months separation, they again met, more attached to each other than ever.

The cold winds of autumn had robbed the scenes round Hawthornden of half their verdant beauty; but neither the autumn blasts, or the threatening storms, could prevent the meeting of the lovers; and though the passing year had stripped the tree of their vernal clothing, Catharine's eye never perceived the  
change,

change, and while *she* was by him, the summer was still present to lord Morven.

“Morven! Morven!” cried the soft voice of Catharine Lilliesleaf, at the entrance of the principal cave at Hawthornden—“where can he be?”

“Where should he be?” replied the object of her search, who, for the last minute or two, had been standing behind—“where should he be, but beside his little Katrine? But come into the den, love, for the wind blows, and the rain is beginning to fall, and I am afraid you will get cold.”

“Oh, do not be afraid, Morven!” replied she; “I am not afraid of a little rain: but what was it that you wished so much to say to me, and that you could not tell me yesterday?”

“You tell me, Katrine,” said lord Morven, thoughtfully, “that you are sure your mother will not consent to our marriage.”

“Not as long as you are a stranger to her,” answered Catharine, “and remain a Whig; “but I think Morven might give up something for my sake.”

“A Whig, Katrine!” cried lord Morven, smiling. “I am as great a friend to prince Charles as you or any of your family; because my father is a Whig, that is no reason I should be one too.”

“You! you a friend of the prince’s, Morven!” cried Catharine with astonishment; “why, when you went to France, you were as incorrigible a Whig as Wurdywa’s’s cuddy.”

“That may be, love,” replied Morven, laughing at her comparison; “but when I was in France, I lived some time in the same house with the prince, and that would have made even Wurdywa’s’s cuddy a Jacobite.”

Catharine thought for a moment—  
“Well, then,” said she, at length, “if you are not an enemy of the king, and if my mother knew you, I am sure she  
would

would not. Don't you think you can introduce yourself to her some way?"

"Oh! that would be easily managed," replied he; "but the question is, Katharine, will *my* father consent, even if your mother does?"

"Catharine's pride took the alarm—  
"Well, sir," said she, coldly, "if there is any chance of that—if our acquaintance is likely to produce any inconvenience to you, it had better end at once. It was not on my part it began, and it is not for my sake it shall be continued."

"Catharine," replied Morven, taking both her hands in his, and gazing on her with rather a reproachful, but still an affectionate look, "how quick you are to take offence, where none was meant, and to impute wrong motives to a man that loves you beyond any thing the world can offer you! I have a good mind to lecture you," he continued, perceiving Catharine's eyes bent on the

ground, while a blush rose into her cheek; “you are just like our badge, the thistle, Catharine, always ready to prick the fingers of those that touch you, even in the most gentle manner. Is it not necessary to consider, at the same time we think of how your mother’s consent is to be gained, how my father’s prejudices are to be overcome? I am ready to sacrifice any thing for you, my dear girl—may I not ask you to sacrifice something for me?”

“Oh, yes! any thing, any thing, Morven!” replied Catharine. “I was wrong—I was very wrong; but you will forgive your Katrine?”

“My Katrine!” said he, pressing her hand to his lips—“that word would make me forgive any thing.”

“But how are all these difficulties to be overcome?” asked Catharine; “it seems to be hopeless.”

“Oh, do not fear!” answered Morven; “with a little courage we shall surmount them

them all. And now," continued he, fixing his eyes on Miss Lilliesleaf's face, "I think I know a way to put an end to them at once, if my little Katrine will but consent."

"I will do any thing you tell me," cried Catharine, energetically — "any thing to make up for my bad behaviour just now. You shall command, and I will obey."

"Upon your honour, you will?" demanded Morven.

"No," replied Catharine, "not upon mine, but upon your honour, Morven! for in making this promise, that is what I depend upon, and I feel that I build my confidence on a rock: but what is your plan?"

"My plan is," he replied, "that you should fly with me."

"*Fly* with you!" exclaimed Catharine; "why? where? what for? how will that remove all these difficulties?"



“Only, very likely, for a day or two,” replied the young nobleman. “It will remove all difficulties by this means—when we are once married, I am sure my father’s affection for me as his only son will make him pardon us; and as soon as your mother learns that I am attached to her side of the question, you seem to think that she will not be inexorable; and, at all events, she will make a virtue of necessity, for then she cannot help it.”

“Oh, no, indeed, Morven! you are not in the right now—concealment can never lead to good. A straight-forward open plan is much the best at all times. No, indeed—you must excuse me.”

“Catharine,” said Morven, “I thought you loved me—I thought at least you were convinced of my affection for you, Catharine, dear girl, let me entreat you not to make me wretched, which, I am convinced, will ultimately be the case,  
if

if you do not consent. For my sake, Catharine, let me beg you not to hesitate."

Catharine paused.

"Remember the promise you made just now," continued lord Morven; "the stake is yours—trust in my honour; and if you refuse, you both break your word, and shew that you doubt me."

"No, no, I do not doubt you, Morven," replied Catharine; "but indeed, —"

"Nay, no *buts*, love," cried he, pressing her hand to his lips; "once more, Katrine, remember your promise."

"Well, Morven," she replied, "if you claim that, as I have made it, I will not depart from it; but I must still entreat you to consider the risk, the uncomf<sup>ort</sup>, the unhappiness, such a step may cause. Do you claim my promise?"

"I do, Catharine," said lord Morven, "for I am convinced that it will make us both happy. If (as I am vain enough

to believe)—if you love me, I *do* claim your promise.”

“ Well, then,” replied Catharine, smiling, half glad, half sorry, that he had thus forced her to consent, “ I have nothing left for it, but, as I said, to obey. Be it so. . . But when do you want me to go, and how is this flight to be effected? for, depend upon it, as soon as they find we are gone, they will pursue us, and bring us back again.”

“ Do not be at all afraid,” replied lord Morven; “ I will manage all that; but, dear Katrine, it must be this very night.”

“ Oh, nonsense, Morven! what are you thinking of?” cried Catharine. “ It is impossible—I could not; besides, the house will be full of people; do you remember it is Halloween, when my mother has always all the tenants and neighbours in, and that would render it quite impracticable.”

“ It is the very thing I wish,” replied lord Morven. “ To-night your mother’s  
doors

doors are open to every body, and I can easily send our old servant William, dressed like a gaberlunzie, or somehow disguised. He is the best-hearted creature in the world, and you may trust him as you would your father. Katharine," continued he, seeing her waver, "I will make a trial of your affection—if you love me, you will come to-night."

"Morven, I will come," replied Catharine.

"Thank you, thank you, dear girl!" said he. "There will be no difficulty; you will almost be back to your mother, as my wife, before she knows you are gone at all. I will answer for my father's pardon, and I think I will contrive means to win lady Lilliesleaf's. But that you may know William, and that there may be no mistake, remember that he shall say to you—'The moon shines on Roslin Castle.'"

"Well, Morven," replied Catharine.

“you make me do just what you like; but I will now go home.”

“I will send William at ten o’clock, love,” continued lord Morven; “and I may depend upon your coming, and that you will throw no difficulty in the way?”

“Nay, that is ungenerous, Morven,” replied Catharine, “to suspect me of deceit. No, I promised you I would come, and that implied I would make no opposition to your plan—I am angry with you, Morven.”

“Pardon me, pardon me!” cried he, earnestly; “Catharine, forgive me, if having fixed all my hopes on one object, I am too fearful of not attaining it. Forgive me, if the excess of my love has made me ungenerous.”

“Well,” replied Catharine, holding out her hand, “I suppose, as I shall soon have to *ask* forgiveness, I must not refuse it myself; but you must not doubt me,

me, Morven—I am sure I shew how much I trust *you*. Farewell! I shall remember ‘The moon shines on Roslin Castle.’ But here is that man Wurdy-wa’s coming this way; I must run to avoid him—farewell!” And leaving the cave, she turned in an opposite direction to that in which the person whom she wished to avoid was approaching.

He was a tall thin man, but whose figure was almost concealed by a long cloak, that hung down to his feet; starting out of the collar, however, a straight extended neck, decked in a stiff band, presented itself to the view, on the summit of which was elevated the face of an old man, never one of the handsomest, but now rather shrivelled by age, still less attractive than ever. His nose was short, and rather cocked up at the point; his mouth, which was originally wide, by the constant effort to look sweet for the space of fifty years, had ac-

quired a turn-up at the corners, which the laird himself would have designated a smile. His cheek-bones were high, and adorned with a small round red patch, much of the colour of lighted charcoal. His eyes were prominent, but small, with no part of the white to be seen, the dark iris, or coloured part, filling up the whole space between his eyelids; and from the external corner of each eye a batch of long wrinkles radiated in different directions, giving a character of sly *unholy* propensity to his whole countenance.

There is a species of old men, who may be seen every day in the streets of a large city, and who may be easily distinguished by the twinkling eye and significant smile, the moment that a pretty ankle or a blooming cheek happens to meet their view. They are men in whom age has not corrected the wild passions of youth, but left them all the grosser appetites, without the finer feelings

feelings of their early years — those whom time has robbed of all that makes youth attractive, and relinquished to them all that would make it dangerous and disgusting.

The laird of Wurdywa's was one of those. Very few of the lassies about the country could bear him, but being rich, there were some who were not so particular; and amongst these the laird was said to be a gallant gay Lothario. But even in *his* character there were some good points; he was good-tempered and humane, and always very willing to serve his neighbours, when it did not actually take any thing out of his pocket.

After living for some years a bachelor, it seems to have suddenly struck the laird, that sooner or later he was bound to take unto himself a wife; and looking through the country, he cast his eyes upon Miss Lilliesleaf, undoubtedly the prettiest girl in the neighbourhood; and  
being



being totally unacquainted with her engagement to lord Morven, he calculated that one whose family had been almost ruined in the late civil war, would be glad to accept the wealthy laird of Wurdywa's.

Accordingly he paid great court to the young lady; and Catharine, though she always avoided him, had no excuse directly to repulse him, as he had yet made no proposal. At the same time she rightly judged, that while the rich laird continued her suitor, she would be free from other importunities.

With her mother it was different—the mind of old lady Lilliesleaf could never have conceived, that a man whose most immediate ancestors were hid in the friendly shadow of oblivion would ever presume, were he as rich as Croesus, to aspire to marry the daughter of sir Stewart Lilliesleaf, who fell at the battle of Culloden, and she used to observe, that she liked the company of Wurdywa's,

Wurdywa's, honest man, for that he could crack like a Hollander about the wars, and prince Charles, and a' the rest o't; so that from his great favour with lady Lilliesleaf, the laird thought that at least he was in a fair way with the mother, although in his own mind he had many doubts about Catharine.

In spite of Catharine's attempt to avoid him, the keen-eyed laird caught sight of her within a few minutes after she had left the cave, and was preparing to follow her, when Mörven, knowing she wished to escape, effected a diversion in her favour, by throwing a stone with so true an aim at the laird, that, striking his neck, it made him turn suddenly round, while Catharine made her retreat in a different direction.

"Hoot, Jock! fie!" cried the laird, turning towards the cave; "ye need nae hae done that—I am coming, man." So saying, he advanced towards the place where

where lord Morven stood, hid in the shadow of the cavern.

The young nobleman did not now know how to get away without being seen, which he wished to do, for fear of exciting suspicion; but at length he put out his sheathed sword just as Wurdywa's entered the cave, and giving him a push with his other hand, made his escape, while the laird fell head foremost into a heap of mud and dirt that had collected near the mouth.

The laird of Wurdywa's continued to lie for some minutes after Morven had left him.—“Wae's me!” cried he, at length, in a pitiful tone, “to think that Jock wad hae patten sic a trick on me!”

“D——n your eyes! get up, you old fool!” cried the voice of a man leaning over him, and at the same time giving him a kick with his foot.—“What the devil's the use of laying there? the fellow's a mile off before this time.”

“Why,

“ Why, Jock, ye blackgaird !” cried the laird, looking up, “ what could tempt ye to——”

“ It was not me,” cried the man ; “ it was some young fool who has been talking to a girl here for this half-hour. He kept me there laying in the back of the cave, and not daring to stir, till I had a good mind to cut his throat to let myself out. But get up, old boy ; here’s our captain come himself to speak about selling you those things. I spoke to you about, and we cannot stop.”

The laird accordingly raised himself to speak to the two men, who immediately, on Morven’s departure, had come forth from the back of the cavern. The one who seemed to be the principal, and who had continued gazing on Wurdywa’s while his companion spoke to him, appeared somewhat more approaching towards civilization than the other. He was short, and bore the look of activity ; but his broad shoulders, muscular limbs, and

and straight well-knit joints, spoke plainly his immense personal strength.

He was dressed in a Dutch seaman's coat, fastened round his middle with a polished leather belt and brass clasps, in which hung a pair of coarse pistols, a Spanish poniard, and a straight Toledo blade, whose crimson sheath, ornamented with gold rings and bucklings, but ill accorded with the rest of his dress, except his hat, which, tall and tapering, was set on with a smart turn to one side, and in the front a small plume of heron's feathers, fastened with a gold button, was conspicuous.

His companion was a tall raw-boned man, somewhat older in appearance. His plain coat was girt with the same sort of belt as that of his commander, and adorned with pistols in the same manner, only the Toledo blade was supplied by a common cutlass, and his hat was without any ornament. His face was sunburnt and weatherbeaten, and his clear eye  
looked

looked hardy and confident; but at the same time it had an expression of frank honesty, that was not to be found in the dark immoveable glance of the captain. The one looked ready to bear any hardship, and encounter any danger, and the other seemed prepared to dare any consequence, and commit any crime.

“ Well, Wurdywa’s,” said the captain, laying his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the laird as he rose, “ I come here to speak to you about the diamonds and things we have on board.”

“ Ay,” replied Wurdywa’s; “ but I maun see the stanes first, Mr. What-d’ye-ca’-them.”

“ My name is captain Von Mair,” replied the other, rather sharply; “ here are the diamonds,” producing a case from under his arm.

Wurdywa’s took them, turned them in every direction to the light, felt them with his finger, and then began looking at them again.—“ Ay,” said he, at length,  
“ they

“they are no that bad water, but they are maistly roses.”

“And what would you have but roses?” demanded Von Mair. “The Dutch roses are the best in the world.”

“Deed are they,” replied Wurdywa’s, “and therefore I’ll just gie ye a thoo sand guineas for them in gowd.”

“A thousand guineas, you old miserly fool!” replied Von Mair, impatiently; “why, they are worth ten times the sum in Holland.”

“Maybe,” replied Wurdywa’s, coolly, “but I’m thinking ye dar nae sell them there.”

“And why not?” demanded the captain.

“Why, because they that owned them maybe hav nae forgot them yet,” replied Wurdywa’s.

“Whether they have or not,” said Von Mair, “you shall not have them for that price.”

“Weel, weel, noo,” exclaimed Wur-  
dywa’s;

dywa's; "I'll tell ye—I'll juste gie the fifteen hundred, and I'll gie ye nae mare. Is nae that fair noo, Jock? But if ye dinnae like to tak it, I dinnae care," continued he, with an air of indifference—"I dinnae care, Mr. Von Mair, as ye ca' yersel', though I'm thinking ye went by anither name at the battle o' Culloden."

The brow of the captain lowered, and he placed his hand with a quick motion on his belt, while his companion placed his mouth to Wurdywa's's ear—"You had better hold your tongue about that," whispered he, "unless you wish for a bullet in your brains."

He then approached the captain, and consulted with him about the sale of the diamonds.

"I suppose I must take it," said Von Mair, at length, "for money I must have somehow. Stop—let me see," pausing—"yes, to-morrow I can send on shore.—Well, old boy," continued he to Wurdywa's,



Wurdywa's, "you bring the money down here to-morrow morning by seven o'clock, and you shall have the diamonds, and a cast of the brandy, you are so fond of into the bargain."

Wurdywa's agreed, but perceiving that perhaps he might have made a still better bargain, regretted the haste in which he had offered so much.

"What do you wait for?" demanded Von Mair, in a surly tone, after remaining a moment in expectation of his departure."

"Oh! I am no waiting," replied the laird; and wishing them a good-day, he hastened away.

"Would it not be serving that old rascal right?" asked Von Mair, as soon as he was gone, "when he comes to-morrow, to carry him off, money, and diamonds, and all? Don't you think so, Armstrong?"

"No," replied his lieutenant; "in the first place, it would be dishonourable."

"Dishonourable!"

“Dishonourable!” muttered Von Mair, with a look of scorn.

“In the next place, he has been kind to my sister,” continued Armstrong.

“But what’s your sister to me?” demanded the captain; “and as to honour, it is not you and I should talk about *that*. But it would be dangerous, and I have other business in hand—so an end to that. Come, Armstrong,” continued he, “tell me, are you a brave man?”

“Is this a time of day to ask that, Von Mair?” said his companion. “Where you lead, I will follow, depend upon it.”

“Ay, ay, so will any hound,” replied Von Mair; “but the best dog is at the head of the pack. Dare you serve me by yourself, and where there is danger?”

“Yes, that I will,” replied Armstrong; “you have never found me backward where there is peril; but what do you want me to do?”

“That is the job,” replied the captain; “and now I suppose you are one of those  
those

those who must have a reason for what they are told to do, so I will give you mine. You know that in forty-five I went with the Prince, as some call him—the Pretender, as he is named by others. It is all one to me which he is, for don't you think I went because I cared for *him*—I had never seen him, or spoken to him, and never gave a thought whether he was right or wrong; but I was down in the world, and any thing was better to one who had seen others bow to *him*, than to doff his bonnet to any man. However, the best fishing is often in troubled water; I might be better—I could not be worse, and I was not one to stop for fear; and as I brawled loud, and swore loud, and cursed king George most heartily, an old fellow and his son, who were red-hot in the rebellion, took a great fancy to me, and invited me to their mansion. Well, the old man had a very pretty daughter—truly she was a very sweet girl,” continued he, with  
a greater

a greater show of feeling than was his wont; "I don't know how it was, but *I took a strange fancy to her*. She did not love me though; but I was resolved not to let modesty stand in my way, and so the night before we were to march, I got to speak to her alone. She was but a little bit of a girl, not sixteen; and whether I was too free, or what, I do not know, but she struck me such a box on the ear, that she made me reel again, and her brother coming up, turned me out of the house."

"You did not put up with that, I suppose?" said Armstrong.

"No," replied the other, "I did not; but, mark ye, I was not fool enough to get my own throat cut for the chance of revenge—I took a surer way—it matters not how—but I paid him."

"I can guess," replied Armstrong, with a glance certainly not of satisfaction; "I know you, Von Mair, well enough to guess how."

"He did not die, I think," continued the other, coolly; "the blow did not go well home; but the girl is alive still, and what I want is, that you help me to get her, and take her aboard the brig; will you?"

"Not I," replied Armstrong; "not I, indeed, Von Mair."

"Are you a coward?" demanded the captain; "you said you would help me—is this the way you keep your word, with all your honour? There may be some danger, it is true; and if you are afraid to undertake it, why *I* will, for she *shall* be mine, whether you do or not."

"Afraid!" replied Armstrong, with a stiff "no! Von Mair, I hate you—you are a d——d hardened man, without one feeling of conscience, but yet you persuade me to do what you will. Give me your promise to marry the girl, and treat her kindly, and I suppose  
I must

I must lend a hand, though it is not right."

"Oh! I will marry and treat her kindly," replied Von Mair, with a grin. "Armstrong, you are a good fellow! Now I shall be doubly revenged; but I must let you more into my plans."

He then gazed around, to convince himself that they were unobserved, and taking the arm of his companion, spoke to him for some time in a low voice.

"Not to-night!" at length Armstrong exclaimed. "I would not go into the chapel at Roslin on Halloween, if I were to find a treasure. Why, they say that on that night the lord St. Clair rises from the tomb he built for himself nine hundred years ago, and walks three times round the chapel, with his sword in his hand."

"Armstong! Armstrong!" cried his companion, "ar't mad? You, who have fronted death a thousand times, afraid

of an old woman's story of a ghost! pshaw!"

"No, no," replied Armstrong; "but it is true, for I remember when I was but a boy, going with my sister (who is living now, Wurdywa's's housekeeper, and recollects it, I dare say) to see the chapel at Roslin on Halloween——"

"Ay, and you saw a sheep or cow, and took it for a ghost," interrupted Von Mair. "But never mind—I will be waiting there for you, with two or three good fellows, and if we meet the ghost, we will thrash him—so you need not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," replied the other; "but why would not some other place do as well?"

"Because there is no chance of any body coming to interrupt us," replied his companion; "and the road you take to get at it, there will be no houses to pass; but I tell you we will be there before you."

"Well,

“ Well, don’t be after your time then, Von Mair,” said Armstrong.

“ No, no, that I wont,” said the captain ; “ but come down to the boat, for remember we have some miles to walk, and as we go, I will tell you more of our plans.”



## CHAPTER II.



The true use of riches is to share them with the worthy,  
and the sole remedy for injuries is to forgive them.

*Wheel of Fortune.*

WHILE this conversation was passing at Hawthornden, lord Morven, having left Wurdywa's in the mud, walked quickly up the hill, and passing by the ruins of Roslin Castle, soon arrived at the mansion of his father. In passing through the courtyard, William, the old servant whom he had mentioned to Catharine, and who had for generations been in his family, informed him that his father wished to speak to him.

“Where is he, William?” demanded the young nobleman.

“Oh, juste in the auld library, in the  
airm-”

airm-chair, my lord," replied the servant.

"Thank you, William," replied Morven, with a smile at the old man's exactness, and was passing on, but suddenly turning back, he again called the servant to him—"William," said he, "I want to speak to you; come up to my dressing-room in about half-an-hour—by that time I shall have done speaking to my father. I want to see if you are willing to do me a service—something I want you to do most particularly—will you do it, William?"

"Wull I! that wull I," replied the man; "I that hae cairied ye doon to Musselbrough sands, and dukit ye in the sea mony a time, when ye were nae the highness o' that," holding up his hand a short distance from the ground; "think ye I'd say nay to ony thing ye wanted me to do."

"Well, then, William," replied Morven, "come up in half-an-hour, and I will

tell you what it is I wish, and I am sure you will do it for little Geordie, as you used to call me. I would tell you now, but I must go to my father."

So saying, he left the old man, who continued gazing after him, with the eye of old affection, until he was out of sight.

"What a muckle callant it's grown!" cried William, as the gate hid his young lord from his view; "I mind weel when I trotted him on my back about Roslin and Hawthornden by the hour thegither; and now I'm thinking he could do the like by me! Huh! to think hoo time flees awa', and hoo auld age comes on!"

While William was thus soliloquizing, lord Morven proceeded toward the library. At the door he met a stranger, whose dress seemed that of a courier; but passing on, he found lord Nithsdale, seated, as William had described, in the armchair by the fire. He held a folded  
paper

paper in his hand, and his eye was beaming with pleasure and benevolence.

The glare of the fire fell upon the coronet carved on the back of the chair, and threw upon it a gleam like the poor splendour of worldly honours; but the clear light of heaven streamed through the window upon the silvery hair of the old nobleman, and lighted the warm feeling smile that played upon his lip.

"Morven," said the earl, as his son entered the room, "sit down—I wish to speak to you; But first here is something that will give you pleasure as a Jacobite (for you are a Jacobite, Morven)—here is the notice of a pardon for one of those misguided men who fought at Culloden. In every thing else but his politics, he was an excellent young man, and as he applied to me, I made it a point with the government, and they have at length complied with my request."

"Who is he?" asked Morven; "do I know him?"

"No," replied the earl; "I knew little of him myself, but by report, before this business; but I always thought measures of conciliation best."

"If there were many such men as you are, sir," replied lord Morven, "there would be no fear of any new rebellions."

"If they would pursue those measures, I think there would not," said lord Nithsdale; "but now to what I wanted to say to you, Morven. You are my only child, and from the principles you have lately imbibed on the Continent, I own I have some uneasiness. To be plain with you, Morven, the government are under apprehensions that some new attempt will be made to overthrow the present system; and indeed there is good reason to believe that at this moment there are plans concerting,

concerting, which, although in the end they can but draw down destruction on the heads of the movers, may for a time disturb the peace and quiet of the country; and now let me entreat you, as you value your own peace of mind—as you value the happiness of my declining years, let me beg you to take no part in any schemes for attempting the restoration of a family, that by the consent of the majority have been removed from the throne.”

Morven smiled—“Indeed, sir,” replied he, “you need be under no alarm on my account, for, depend upon it, if you had never mentioned the subject, I should not have joined in a cause where I knew I should be in direct opposition to my father. But what made you think there was any chance of it?”

“You have of late,” said his father, “been so much absent from home. You were always wild, but I do not think you are dissolute; but your frequent

wanderings without any servant have led me to suspect that you were engaged in some pursuit—what I did not know, but my thoughts naturally turned towards the Jacobite cause. Have you observed that ship that has been hovering about here for some days?” continued the earl, rather abruptly, and pointing, at the same time, to the window.

Lord Morven looked out; the house was placed in a very elevated situation, so that the sea was seen perfectly from the windows; and now on the bosom of the Firth a brig was distinctly to be perceived standing off and on. Morven continued remarking her movements for some time—“I have not before observed her,” replied he at length, turning round, but lord Nithsdale was buried in thought.

He raised his eyes.—“I wish you would marry, Morven,” exclaimed he, abruptly.

His

His son started, and paused for a moment, not knowing what to reply to so unexpected a proposal.

“ I will by no means restrain your choice,” continued the earl; “ but it would give me the greatest happiness to see my name descending to children of yours. Think of it, Morven—think of it.”

Lord Morven was about to reply, when the door of the library opened, and a tall handsome man, of about thirty, entered. His figure was wrapped in a plain dark cloak, but his air and carriage at once denoted him a gentleman. On seeing lord Morven, he drew a step back, and seemed about to retire; but lord Nithsdale rose—“ Morven,” said he, “ I will speak to you another time.—It is only my son, sir Charles,” continued he, addressing the stranger.

“ I am afraid I intrude,” replied the other, advancing to the table, and bowing to lord Morven.

“ Not



"Not in the least, my dear sir," replied the earl, "not in the least. I had said all I wished to say."

Lord Morven now took leave of his father, and, bowing to the stranger, left the room.

As soon as he was gone, lord Nithsdale handed the paper he held in his hand to the stranger.—"I sent for you, sir Charles," said he, "to shew you that."

The stranger read it, and re-read it, while every feature glowed with pleasure.—"Oh! how shall I ever thank you, my lord!" he exclaimed; "how shall I ever repay such unmerited kindness!"

"Do not say a word about it, my dear sir," replied the earl, shaking him heartily by the hand, "do not say a word about it; I am sufficiently repaid in restoring a worthy young man to his family."

"My lord, if you could know what I feel,

I feel, you would be sufficiently repaid indeed, but I want words to tell you."

"You see there are no unworthy conditions attached to it," proceeded lord Nithsdale; "only that you are a good subject, and loyal to the family on the throne; but as the pardon itself has not yet come from Edinburgh, take my advice, and still keep yourself in concealment; it may prevent any disagreeable circumstances, and to-morrow you will be free. But I have another plan in my head, which, if I can bring it to bear, I think will be productive of happiness to all parties—I dare say I shall have your consent, at least."

"You shall guide me in any thing you like, my friend, my benefactor!" cried sir Charles, pressing the hand of the old nobleman in his,

"Then the first thing I ask is, that you say no more about that," replied lord Nithsdale; "but tell me, and mind you tell me true," continued he, with a smile,

smile, opening a drawer of the large table before him, "after four years' absence, I think you may not have received your rents so correctly."

"Oh, yes, my lord!" replied the stranger, "I understand you. I am in no want of money, or I would not scruple to accept it."

"I hope not," replied the earl; "for remember I bought some of your property, and never paid for it—so I am your debtor."

"Nay, my lord, I am so much yours, that I can never repay you," said the stranger; "but I will take my leave, and try some other way to thank you—words *cannot* do it."

"Fare ye well! fare ye well!" cried lord Nithsdale; "remember to take the path by the orchard, then nobody can see you."

The stranger bowed and departed.

"Poor fellow!" cried lord Nithsdale, as he shut the door; "I am glad it is done."

done. How his heart must be lightened!"

"That is the Jacobite!" thought lord Morven, as he proceeded towards his dressing-room. "I have surely seen him before, or somebody very like him. I will ask my father who he is."

His mind then turned to his father's proposal that he should marry, and promise not to restrain his choice; and he scarcely knew how to act, whether to put his flight with Catharine in execution, or openly to demand her hand? To fly was the easiest—it would end all objections at once; his father would scarcely take it ill, and lady Lilliesleaf, he doubted not, would not long refuse to pardon her daughter.

Morven was warm-hearted, generous, and kind, but he was ardent and impatient; and on this, as on almost every other occasion, he resolved to take the nearest way to the happiness before him. He had now an opportunity of making

making Catharine his own, and he was not of a disposition to neglect it.—  
 “William,” said he, as he entered the room where the old man awaited his arrival, “I asked you if you were willing to serve me. What I want you to do is to run away with a young lady.”

The old man looked aghast.

“Yes, William,” continued he, “I wish you to run away with a young lady that is going to be my wife. I cannot go myself, for I might be suspected.”

“Oh, that I’ll do,” replied William, “gin I can get her to come wi’ me; but whatna young ledy is’t?”

“It is Miss Lilliesleaf,” replied lord Morven; “you have seen Miss Lilliesleaf, William?”

“Oh, bonny Katrine Lilliesleaf!” cried the other. “Seen her! ay have I! there is nae sicken anither in a’ Mid-Loewden. I wad sooner see ye married to Miss Lilliesleaf than the best-tochered quean on  
 this

this side Berwick: but how am I to get her spoken to?"

"Why you know it is Halloween to-night," replied lord Morven, "and every body is admitted at lady Lilliesleaf's. You must contrive to get in among the servants and people, and when you can get near Catharine, whisper to her that the moon is shining on Roslin Castle, and she will come with you as soon as she can find an opportunity."

"Ay," replied William, "but I must think how it's to be done first. I could get in as a gaberlunzie, or as if I had missed my gate in the night. Weel, my lord, I'll gang and think hoo I can get it done, and then I'll come and tell you."

"Yes, but mind you don't mention a word of it to any body," said lord Morven; "that would put an end to it at once."

William promised secrecy, and left the

the room, while his young master turned to the window, and cast his eye over the broad waters of the Firth, rolling on its waves towards the main ocean, like the stream of time in its progress to eternity. The brig was still to be seen in the distance, and while lord Morven continued gazing on it, a boat put off from the shore, and slowly made its way towards the ship. It boarded, and after a few minutes, seeming to be remanned, rowed back to the shore.

“What can that mean?” said lord Morven to himself; “smugglers, I dare say; but I wonder they dare lay so openly on the coast; and as these men may be lurking about the country and upon no good, I’ll load my pistols before I go to-night.” The circumstance of the brig soon recalled to his mind the stranger he had seen with his father in the morning.—“That man’s face haunts me,” thought he; “I have cer-  
tainly

tainly seen somebody very like him. He is extremely handsome. Who can it be?" But although he called to mind almost every man of his acquaintance, he could not recollect who it was.

• On looking at his watch, he found that the time had passed more rapidly than he had conceived; and after writing a hasty letter, to lord Nithsdale, that that he might not be alarmed by his absence, lord Morven descended to the dinner-table, intending to inquire who the stranger was; but various occurrences, together with the thoughts of the approaching night, soon drove it from his mind.



## CHAPTER III.

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The carle he cam o'er the craft,  
 Wi' his beard new shaven:  
 He glow'ed at me as he'd been daft:  
 The carle thought that I wud hae him,  
 Hoot awa, I wunnae hae him!  
 Fie, awa, I wunnae hae him!

As soon as he had left the smugglers or (perhaps more correctly) pirates, in the cave at Hawthornden, the laird of Wurdywa's returned towards his own mansion.

"Deed," said he, as he entered the comfortable room that Tibby, his house-keeper, always took care to have prepared for him, "deed, Tibby, it's nipping cauld."

Perhaps it may be necessary, to the  
 better

better understanding of our history, that some account should be given of the good lady who acted as housekeeper to the laird. She was a smart-looking damsel, of at most five-and-forty, a hale buxom dame, who in her youth had had some pretensions to beauty, which, even in after years, she had but little inclination to give up. The consequence was, that Tibby was noted for her clean mutches and neat apron; in short, for being aye braw and weel put on.

For a long time Tibby had laid a scheme for monopolizing the good things of Wurdywa's, not even excepting the owner himself; and in this plan she had proceeded with great success for some time, until the laird's determination to seek for a wife without doors had shaken the goodly fabric of her hopes in a most tremendous manner; but Tibby was not a person so easily to relinquish a benefit nearly within her grasp.

grasp, and, like other great-minded politicians, the magnitude of her projects and resources increased as the danger of her affairs required.

As long as Wurdylwa's continued without any thought of marriage at all, she had maintained towards him merely a negative sort of attraction, by attending to his comforts, and by pampering his wants till they produced new ones, which she was aware none could supply so well as herself: thus attempting to make herself indispensably necessary to him, and trusting that years and infirmity, both of body and mind, would operate much in her favour.

But Wurdywa's was one of those people who are well compared to an insect, and who go regularly through all their several stages of existence. In the first place, while children, they may be said to be in the egg: they then change into a worm, and having, for a certain time, preyed on every leaf, and  
blasted

blasted every flower that comes in their way, they fall insensibly into the chrysalis state of old bachelorism, from which they again wake, as age and dotage come upon them, and flying as a moth round every light that happens to be near, burn their wings in matrimony, and sink unremembered to the grave.

No sooner then did Wurdywa's begin to shew his propensity towards marriage, than the prudence of Tibby took alarm, and she commenced more active operations. In the first place, she attempted to form a blockade, and take the old gentleman's affections by stratagem, which she followed up by harassing him with storming parties and home charges, although the whole time she tried her utmost to negotiate, her whole object in the war being an alliance. Things were in this state, though the campaign was rather in favour of the laird, and Tibby was sitting by the

fire, meditating some bold stroke, to turn the day, when, as before said, Wurdywa's himself entered the room.

"Deed, Tibby," said he, "it's nipping cauld."

"Ay, laird, and ye've gotten yersel wat. Come into the fire, Wurdywa's, and change yer feet," cried the housekeeper. "Ye'll get yer deed, an ye gae strava-guing about in the cauld and the wat; and then what shall *I* do?"

"Gie me a drap o' the last brandy yer brither sent, Tibby," said the laird, while he sat down by the fire, and took off his shoes, "and put half-het water intil't to warm me."

The brandy and water was made, but it did not suit the taste of the laird.— "This is deevilitch weak, Tibby," said he.

"I'll juste put in a drap mair, laird," cried the housekeeper, and she poured in as much again.

"Ay !

“ I’m no that auld either, Wurdywa’s, though; I’m juste thretty-nine, come neist July, sorry I am to say it,” replied the housekeeper, with a sigh.

Tibby gave him the hose, and carelessly laying her hand upon his head—"Ae! keep us! laird, whar hae ye been? yer wig's at drookit. Ye'll get yer dead, and that'll be seen." So saying, she lifted the wig from his head, and setting it on the end of her finger, began tossing it before the fire, in order to dry it. "Ye ca' me a quean," continued she; "I dinna ken what ye mean by a quean, Wurdywa's, though, maybe, if things had gane right, I might hae been a queen, for my great grandmither, by the mither's side, was lineally

descended frae Malcolm the Third, king of Scotland."

"Ay!" cried the laird, with a gape of astonishment, "I never heerd that before."

"Deed it's true though," replied Tibby; "ae preser me, I've singit the wig! no, I hav nae; it's you, laird; ye've stappit the tae o' yer hose into the fire."

"Deed have I," replied Wurdywa's, "and brunt a muckle hole in't. But really noo, Tibby," continued he, divided between attention to his stocking and Tibby's history; "but really noo, were ye ever Malcolm the Third, king o' Scotland?"

"Aye, was I," replied Tibby, with a toss of the head; "that's to say, my mither's great grandmither's grandfather's great granduncle, by the mither's side, was; and have nae I, at this present moment, the very identicaled breest-plate and helmet, or carion, as they ca' them,

them, that king Malcolm went to battle in?"

"Ay, noo to think o' that!" cried Wurdywa's; "but whar is it, Tibby? —let's see it."

"Oo, ay, that wull I," cried Tibby, taking hold of her large bunch of keys, and opening an oak cupboard that she had caused to be fitted in the corner, for the very express purpose of holding all her nostrums and compounds; then pulling a settle towards the cupboard, she mounted it, in order to reach down the precious burden, which, with much trouble, she did, and handed to the laird, who seemed to contemplate the old battered cuirass, and common, but ancient steel cap, with a kind of reverential awe. —"Ay, noo!" cried he, as he turned and re-turned them; "hoo weel they wad look, set up aside they pistols over the lum."

"That's just what I'm thinking o' doing when I'm married," replied



Tibby; "which maybe will never be," with a sigh; "and then, gin ony body speers at my husband what they are, he can say that they are the very dividual arms o' king Malcolm, that was his wife's far-awa cusin."

The eyes of the laird sparkled; and Malcolm the Third had worked wonders for Tibby in a very short time.—"Thank ye, Tibby," cried he, laying down the cuirass, "ye've made me warm and coasy."

"Ay, laird," replied she, "whar is there ony o' yer Katrine Lilliesleafs wad mak ye sae comfortable as I do?"

"Deed that ye've done the day," said the laird, "and I'll gie ye a kiss for it, my comely quean."

"Na, na, laird," cried the housekeeper, retreating a step, and barring his approach with her hand; but Wurdywa's was an old stager, and so the kiss was given.

"Fie, laird! fie noo!" cried Tibby,  
with

with a smile and an attempt at a blush;  
 "I wonder ye're no ashamed o' yersel!"

"Hoot!" exclaimed the laird; "ye dinna mind a kiss, Tibby? but gie me anither glass o' brandy an water—it was unkie gude—I like it better nor whisky, and sit down and tak ane yersel; but noo ye mind me o't, I'm to tak my four hoors at lady Lilliesleaf's."

"Hoot, laird!" cried Tibby, who was busily engaged at the corner cupboard, with the brandy-bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, while a trusty lemon rolled off the shelf, and began hopping along the floor towards Wundywa's; "hoot, laird! ye're na sae daft as think o' ganging oot again the day, after getting yersel sae wat and caulded already."

"Oo! it's just a step to lady Lilliesleaf's, and I promised her I'd come," replied the laird.

"Noo, I'se warrant ye," cried Tibby, spilling the brandy over her fingers,

“ gin Katrine Lilliesleaf gangs oot to saw the hempseed, ye’ll be for walking after her, to mak her think that ye’re to be her true love.”

“ Aye wull I, Tibby,” cried the laird, chuckling at the idea; “ ay wull I, juste to see what she’ll say.”

“ I’ll be equal to you then,” thought Tibby, while she continued making the brandy and water; but seeing that Wurdywa’s had perfectly determined to go, she forbore at present from making any farther opposition, pretty well sure that among the tricks and company of Halloween, the old gentleman would not feel himself so comfortable as at his own fireside; and every uncomfot he met with in other society was a point gained in the game she was playing—a game in which, though perhaps her cards were not the best, yet she had consummate skill, patience, and perseverance, to supply the deficiency.

After dinner, the laird of Wurdy-  
wa’s

wa's took good care to fortify his stomach against the cold, by repeated trials of the excellent brandy with which Tibby's brother, the smuggler, supplied him; so that, by the time that the gloaming warned him of the appointed hour, he was quite sufficiently elevated to bear his part in any mirth that might occur. To do him justice, he was not drunk, but the brandy seemed to have renewed his youth, and he found himself perfectly adequate to chatter with the young women, to prose with the old, to look grave with the minister, or to snore with the schoolmaster. In fact, at that moment, he would have adapted himself to any society that he happened to be in, and felt like a young terrier that only wanted to be set on.

Tibby took care to wrap her master well up, and having carefully fenced him against the cold, saw him depart for lady Lilliesleaf's with less uneasiness than she usually beheld him take that

road; calculating, like a good politician, upon turning an apparent defeat to her own advantage.

The laird's path lay down a narrow lane, that, for some distance, continued between high banks, broken with large fragments of rock, and from which a hundred little streams ran down, and formed a rivulet, that, running along over the clear white pebbles by the side of the road, which Wurdy was now pursued, at length divaricated to the right, and flowed by the side of a small footpath, which led to some scattered cottages in an opposite direction.

The night was clear and light, with a fine moon shining through the frosty air, so that the laird could perfectly distinguish the road for some way before him; nor had he walked far, when, by the moonlight, he caught a glimpse of something like a woman. He quickened his pace, and soon satisfied himself that it was not only a woman, but a young one. The opportunity was not  
to

to be missed, and on he went as fast as he could walk.

On hearing a step coming so quick behind her, the lass turned round; but on perceiving Wurdywa's, she continued her journey, without in the least hurrying her pace.

"Ay!" cried the laird, coming up to her, "ye're oot late the night, my bony datie."

"It's no that late either," replied the girl.

"But what are ye doing oot after the gloaming, my bonny bird?" continued the laird, pressing close to her side.

"Oo, I just went to rin three times roond Wurdywa's house, and see if the deil wad come after me," replied she, laughing.

"Oh, ye saucy cutty," cried the laird, "and whar are ye gawing noo?"

"Hame, to be sure," replied the girl.

"And whar is hame?" demanded the laird.

“ You come wi’ me, and you’ll see,” answered she.

“ Deed I’ll do that,” thought Wur-dywa’s, and walking on by the side of the lassie, he endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to make himself agreeable, while the girl, on her part, continued to laugh and joke with the laird with the utmost familiarity.

She took the way to the cottages already mentioned, which were at some distance, and before they arrived there, the laird was perfectly satisfied that his gallantry had made a complete conquest.

“ Whisht noo ! whisht ! ” cried the girl at length, as they approached one of the houses ; “ bide a wee, and I’ll just gang in and see if my minnie’s comed hame. Juste bide aneath this window, and if she’s comed hame, I’ll whisper oot ti ye.”

The moment the girl opened the door and went in, Wurdywa’s thought  
he

he heard the sound of voices from the interior, but in a minute all seemed silence again.

For some time he continued in anxious expectation—he looked up at the window—he watched the door, but all was still; at length the casement above his head was cautiously opened, and immediately after the voice of his fair incognita whispered—“Wurdywa’s! Wurdywa’s! are ye there?”

“Yes,” cried he, in the same undertone; “here am I.”

“Where are ye?” cried the voice again; “I dinna see ye.”

“Here,” answered the laird, rather more impatiently—“juste aneath the window.”

“Ay,” cried the damsel, louder, “I canna come doon mysel, but dinna say that I let ye gang hame empty-handed.” So saying, she emptied a whole tub of soap-suds upon the head of her unfortunate gallant, who at that moment was  
in



in the act of gazing up at the window ; so that eyes, nose, and mouth, participated with his dress in this very unwelcome ablution. The exploit was followed by a loud laugh from within, and not a few jokes were cut upon the lover in the graith by some voices, whose coarse tone led Wurdywa's to alter his quarters as quickly as possible.

His next care was how he should proceed to lady Lilliesleaf's in such a pickle, and he had many doubts whether he had not better return and change his apparel ; but as he was already too late, and he did not like to encounter Tibby's objections a second time, he hastened his steps towards the old lady's house, resolving to lay the misfortune he had met with upon accident.

CHAPTER IV.  
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“The pawky auld carle came o’er the lea,  
Wi mony gude e’ens and gude days to ye,  
Saying—‘Gude wife, for yer courtesie,  
Will ye lodge a silly puir man?’”

CUSTOM immemorial had established, in the family of Lilliesleaf, that all cold distinctions should be thrown aside on the night of Halloween. The servant sat at the same table with his mistress, and the only restraint he knew was the habitual respect he was accustomed to pay, without its being exacted. The otherwise proud lady Lilliesleaf on that night threw off all reserve, and appeared, among her dependants, as the mother of all who were collected in her hall on that night of universal festivity: nor was any guest allowed, in her house,  
to

to consider himself superior to those who surrounded him upon that evening.

The room in which the Halloween party usually assembled was a large hall on the ground-floor of the mansion, and looking out to what had once been the extensive and well-cultivated ground attached to it. The windows, sunk deep in the thick walls of the house, were much in the style of the French windows of the present day, opening in the centre, only they did not, according to the modern fashion, reach near to the ground. A door opened at the further end into a small room beyond, and the walls were adorned with antique frames, containing portraits of ancestors for many generations.

This was a favourite room with lady Lilliesleaf; it called to her mind many dear recollections, which, though painful, she still loved to cherish and renew. In that apartment, some short time before the unfortunate field of Culloden, were  
collected

collected almost all that were dear and beloved; friends, relations, children, husband, all joined, heart and hand, in a cause that hope had fondly taught them to believe would be successful. In that chamber (and she was proud to tell it) had the gallant, accomplished, unfortunate Charles Edward thanked her for the hospitable entertainment he had received; and twice had he there repeated, taking her husband by the hand—"Half the worth of a kingdom is to shew one's gratitude!"

All these scenes, with all the hopes that enriched them, *had* sadly passed away, but still lady Lilliesleaf loved the spot where they *had* been, and even, when alone, would often place herself in that large apartment, and people it with the forms of other years.

At present it was very differently filled, and mirth and laughter had driven every idea of sadness from the blazing hearth. One set was dancing, while  
an

an old fiddler, with his head turned to a more than ordinary degree over one side, was playing to them the enlivening tune of the Lassies of Stewarton—another party were listening to the schoolmaster, who was narrating to them a wonderful instance of second sight—two malicious farmer's daughters were laughing and cracking jokes upon a blowzy fluzzy-headed girl, who was relating to a farmer's son all that she had learnt during a six weeks' residence in Edinburgh.—“Ay,” said she, proceeding with her accomplishments, “and I learnt pastry too; so that, do ye ken, we mak a' our tairts within oursels.” A loud laugh from the other two girls, and the end of the reel, put a stop to her conversation.

In another part of the room, some young people were forming a throue for the king and queen, while two old gentlemen were taking snuff, and canvassing the merits of different whiskies.

In

In a comfortable chair, by the side of the fire, sat the lady of the mansion. Her plain grey hair was done up under a widow's cap, and not at all interfering with the party around; but leaving them entirely to make themselves happy, her eyes were generally fixed upon a stocking she was working, except when, raising them, she gazed on the cheerful groups, and a smile of pleasure animated her once-beautiful features.

Catharine was exerting herself to promote the gaiety and amusement of the whole, but she, of all the party, was the only one really depressed; nor did it altogether escape the eye of her mother, who beckoned her to her.—“Katrine,” said the old lady, “you’ve wearied yourself; you mannae sit up late, my lamb.”

“No, mamma, I wont,” said Catharine, and a flush spread over her cheek, to think that in the first instance in her life she was going to deceive her mother;

ther; but she endeavoured to palliate it to herself, by thinking that *her* happiness must afterwards give her mother much pleasure.

“ I have a great mind not to go,” thought she to herself; “ but then, what would Morven think? I *must* go—I have given him my promise.”

At this moment Wurdywa's entered the room. Catharine's eye fell upon him, and her resolution was fixed.

“ Hoo are ye, laird ?” said lady Lilliesleaf, as he approached her; “ I thought ye were nae coming.”

As soon as Wurdywa's had paid his salutation to the old lady, a young man approached, and said, he must introduce him to the king and queen. Unhappily for the laird, the queen happened to be a pretty-looking girl, and without hesitation he bent his knee to the fair, who, most condescendingly, raised him, and proffered him a seat between herself and the king; but no sooner did Wurdywa's

wa's

wa's avail himself of her kindness, than he found the precariousness of a throne, by plumping into a large tub of water, which had been placed to receive him.

Panting, enraged, and confounded, for a moment he lay amidst the reiterated laughter of the whole, with his head, arms, and legs, stretched over the sides in different directions, and sprawling in vain to relieve himself. His appearance without his wig, which had fallen off behind, was too ludicrous for human nature to bear, without giving way to risibility.

Even lady Lilliesleaf was moved—"Hoot!" cried she, wiping her eyes, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered her breath to speak, "ye daft callants, that's a mischievous trick!"

By this time Wurdywa's had recovered his feet, and was gazing about him, not knowing whether to laugh or to be angry, when one of the young men, bringing him a glass of the real Fairntosh,



Fairntosh, settled the matter, and good humour was maintained. It was some time, however, before he could get himself well dry, and find his wig.

"Oddsake, laird!" cried the farmer that handed it to him, "your wig's a soap-graith!"

"Hoot! gie't me," cried Wurdywa's, "or I'll lather *you*."

The joke took, and the graith was forgotten.

At this moment a servant approached lady Lilliesleaf—"My leddy," said he, "there is a gaberlunzie at the door, speering if he may come in."

The blood fled from Catharine's cheek as the man spoke.

"Dinnae let him in here," cried Wurdywa's; "wha kens but he may be a thief?"

"Hoot!" exclaimed lady Lilliesleaf; "it shall never be tauld that a puir man was turned frae my door on a Halloween. Bid him come in, Tam. He shall  
hae

hae his bannock and his beer, as weel as the best o' us."

The gaberlunzie was admitted; he was a tall stout man, in appearance lame, with the usual appendage of a black patch over one eye; his dress was no way particular—the common grey breeks, blue jacket, and bonnet.

"Come in to the fire, puir man," said lady Lilliesleaf; "ye'll be cauld, I'm thinking."

"Deed am I, my leddy," replied the gaberlunzie—"it's bitter cauld travelling; but I whistle along till I forget the weather."

"Ay, and what do you whistle?" cried the old lady.

"Oo! I can whistle yet," replied the man, and he began "Lewie Gordon," with the most peculiar beauty and pathos. Every clear round note of this elegant air went to the heart of lady Lilliesleaf; she said nothing, but she bent

bent her eyes upon her work, and fell deep into thought.

As soon as the gaberlunzie had finished the air, his eyes wandered round the room, as if in search of some object he did not see. At length they fixed upon the fair face of Catharine, with an expression that made her heart beat with an emotion of anxious alarm she could by no means subdue. A thousand feelings of doubt, apprehension, and almost fear, contended in her bosom, and she was at length obliged to sit down in a distant part of the room, lest any one should perceive her emotion.

In the meantime the rest of the party were amusing themselves, totally absorbed in their own pleasure. A large tub was brought in, filled with water, into which some fine apples were thrown, and half-a-dozen unlicked cubs of boys began plunging their heads under water, to bring up the apples in their mouths; and

and not a little amusement was occasioned, on this part of the night, by the different streaming heads as they were raised from the water, some bearing an apple as a trophy, and others, less successful, having only got a ducking for their pains.

To the anxious Catharine the night seemed to fly too fast, and yet every moment of suspense was an age of pain ; and when at last the supper was brought in, as was always the custom of the bouse, she could scarcely cross the room, to assist her mother to the table.

After supper, one of the farmers, well known for his vocal powers, was loudly called upon for a song. No bashful diffidence, no affected modesty, stood in his way ; and without hesitation he commenced his song, making a spirited application of some parts to a farmer's daughter in the company, who had not been so sensible of his merit as he thought she should have been.

## SONG.

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny, will ye do't ?  
 Ne'er a bit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher gude ;  
 For my tocher gude, I'll never marry thee.  
 E'ens ye like, quo' Jocky, *ye may let me be.*

Jocky said to Jenny, I hae gear enegh ;  
 I hae six gude ousen ganging in a pleugh,  
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee ;  
 Gin ye winnae tak me, *ye may let me be.*

I hae a gude ha'house, a stable, and a byre,  
 A peat-stack fore the door will mak a ranting fire,  
 Will mak a ranting fire, and merry all we be ;  
 Gin ye winnae tak me, *ye may let me be.*

Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winnae tell,  
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel ;  
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

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The young farmer having concluded  
 his song, an old gentleman whispered  
 to

to lady Lilliesleaf, and immediately  
gave—

Weel may we a' be !  
Sorrow may we never see !  
God bless the king,  
And the gude company !

And the whole party, crossing hands  
round the table, joined in chorus,

Fill, fill a bumper high !  
Drain, drain your barrels dry !  
Out upon him—fie, fie !  
That winnae do't again.

Here's to the King, boys !  
Ye ken wha I mean, boys ;  
And to every honest man  
That will do't again !

Fill, fill, &c.

Here's to the chieftains  
Of the gallant Scottish clans !  
They have donè it mair than ance,  
And they'll do't again.

Fill, fill, &c.

When the pipes begin to play,  
Tutti-tatti to the drum,  
Out claymore and down the gun,  
And to the knaves again !

Fill, fill a bumper high !  
Drain, drain your barrels dry !  
Out upon him—fie, fie !  
That winnae do't again.

At this moment the gaberlunzie man, who had sat at a humble distance from the rest of the family, passed by Catharine in his way to the barn where he was appointed to sleep. As he passed, he whispered—"The moon is shining on Roslin Castle."

Catharine trembled in every limb. She sat a moment to acquire resolution; then making a strong effort, she approached her mother, said she was fatigued, and would retire. Her voice faltered as she spoke.

"Deed, ye look wearied," said lady Lilliesleaf; "go to your bed, Katrine,  
my

my lamb, and sleep, and my blessing go with you wherever you are!"

Catharine turned away, and hastily left the room; but the moment she closed the door, the tears burst from her eyes. —“ I am doing wrong—very wrong,” thought she, “ but I cannot help it now.”

She went to her own chamber for a moment, and left a letter for her mother; then wrapping a cloak about her, she cautiously passed through the hall, and unclosing the door, in a few minutes found herself in the open air.

It was some minutes before the laird of Wurdywa's perceived the absence of Catharine.—“ Ay,” thought he, “ she's gane to saw the hempseed, and I'll gang and harrow it.”

So he stily withdrew from the party, and leaving the house, he got to an open field within a few yards, where he thought most likely this mode of divination would take place.



He was not mistaken, for in a few moments he perceived a female figure, in white, slowly walking over the field before him, and scattering the seed around, while, with a slow voice, she repeated—

Hempseed I saw ye !

Hempseed I maw ye !

And he who's my true love to be,

Come after me and harrow ye !

As soon as she had pronounced these words, she turned round, and, with an affected scream, pretended to fly.

Wurdywa's was not slow in following, and catching hold of the lady's garment, he pleaded his suit with all the eloquence of an old bachelor of sixty-five.

The face of the fair one was covered with a veil; but he thought he felt a slight pressure from the hand he held in his. Love and whisky had already elevated

him quite sufficiently, and this token of approbation wrought him up to the necessary pitch for a formal proposal—it was made.

“I suppose it must be so then,” whispered the voice softly from beneath the veil.

The enraptured lover started on his feet—“Then I’ll marry ye the morn!” cried he, triumphantly throwing his arm round her waist, and raising with his other hand the veil that hid her features from his eager sight.

The fatal words had scarcely passed his lips, when he again started back, and the sudden exclamation—“Oh!” broke from him, for by the light of the moon he beheld, not the elegant features of Catharine Lilliesleaf, but the good round blooming cheeks of Tibby Armstrong, his own housekeeper!

He would fain have withdrawn his arm, but Tibby was not to be deserted, and languishingly she reposed on the

bosom of Wurdywa's, while, with maiden modesty, or something meant for it, she confessed the flame that burnt within her breast.

Wurdywa's began to melt, and all the stubbornness of his nature at length yielded to her powerful eloquence.

"Is nae it wiser-like o' you, Wurdywa's," continued she, mixing argument with more tender language, "to do as ye *hae* done, and offer to marry ane that loes ye, and that kens hoo to mak ye cozy and comfortable, than to gang courting a lassie, that's young, and wild, and that wadnae care a bodle for ye? Not that I mean at a' to say, that *ony* lassie might nae like sic a weel-fa' red personable man as you are, laird; but Katrine Lilliesleaf is a wild *tirivee* lassie, and I'm thinking loes some ane else; and whether she does or no, ye rin a chance o' being refused, and ye wadnae like that, laird, I'se warrant ye."

As she spoke, Tibby's two black eyes,  
like

like flint, struck fire with the iron of Wurdywa's heart, and produced the desired combustion—Bacchus lent his aid, and Cupid triumphed.

"Weel, Tibby, weel," said the laird, "I've said it, and I'll no unsay it again—gin ye *will* hae me, ye *maun* hae me. But rin ye hame, and I'll gang back and get my cloak; but I'll hae the kiss I was gaing to hae though."

Tibby had but little inclination to suffer the laird's return, yet she did not like to endanger her new conquest by opposition, and leaving Wurdywa's to bring his cloak, she returned to have a red-up fireside against his coming home, little thinking that his resolution in her favour would be still more confirmed by his return to lady Lilliesleaf's.

As soon as he entered the hall, one of the party caught him by the sleeve, and drew him towards the fire—"Oo, laird!" cried he, "we've been burning nuts for ye, while ye were awa'. Look there!"

pointing to the fire—" *that* ane is Katrine Lilliesleaf, and that's you, Wurdywa's."

At this moment the two nuts becoming much heated, burst, and flew suddenly apart, much to the amusement of the company; this being a sure sign that the two people whose names they bore would never be united in marriage.

Wurdywa's was for beating his retreat, but was opposed by a young farmer.—"No, no," cried he, producing two fresh nuts, "here is Wurdywa's and Tibby Armstrong—let's see how they'll burn," and he placed them in the fire, when, after remaining a moment, they caught fire, and burnt, till quite consumed, with a clear bright flame, amid the laughter of the spectators; and some of them observed that Tibby burnt a considerable time after Wurdywa's was consumed.

After this the laird was suffered to make his escape; and most of the rest  
shortly

shortly after took their leave, while an old piper, who had been admitted, played while they departed—"Gude night, and joy be wi ye a'!"

Thus ended Halloween to lady Lilliesleaf and her guests, while to others the adventures of that night were just in their commencement. •

## CHAPTER V.

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“ When midnight o’er the moonless skies  
 Her shades of mimic death had spread—  
 When mortals sleep, and spectres rise,  
 And nought is wakeful but the dead.”

CATHARINE called all her courage to her aid, and advancing a few yards on the road to Hawthornden, she perceived the man who was to accompany her at a short distance. She immediately recognized him, although by this time he had much altered his appearance. The patch was now removed from his eye, and he came towards her without any appearance of lameness.—“ We must haste us, madam,” said he, “ for my lord will have been waiting this some time.”

“ Very well,” replied she; “ I can  
 walk

walk fast ;" and drawing her cloak round her, she followed the rapid footsteps of her guide.

The moon had now risen high, and shining brightly on his athletic form, shewed to Catharine all the peculiarity of his appearance, which she had not before observed. From underneath the cloak which he had now assumed, appeared a pair of large heavy boots, and his dark black hair, now dropped from beneath his blue bonnet, fell over his cloak, in thick massy curls upon his shoulders.

"This man is an extraordinary figure!" thought Catharine, as she followed him. "He has well disguised himself, for I am sure nobody would take him for lord Nithsdale's servant."

But her mind soon turned to her own situation, and she walked on without thinking any more about her conductor's appearance.

They had not proceeded far, when  
the



the man suddenly stopped—“Stand back a moment, madam,” cried he; “here is some one coming;” and he drew her rather hastily back from the road, while an old man, dressed in a bonnet and plaid, passed quickly by them.

As soon as he was gone, the gaberlunzie again led the way.—“I wish I had not promised this,” thought Catharine, as she walked on, shivering with cold and agitation; “it was very foolish and very wrong. No good ever arises from deceit, and I am sure my mother would have given her consent. But no—I do not think she would either; and she will not refuse to *pardon* me, I am sure.”

Thus engaged in meditating over the circumstances in which she had placed herself, Catharine scarcely attended to any external object, until she suddenly perceived they had passed the turning which led to Hawthornden.—“This is not the way,” cried she, aloud, and stopping.

ping in the path, "this is not the way to Hawthornden."

"No, madam," replied the man; "but my lord bid me tell you he thought the chapel at Roslin would be the best place to have the horses. I could not find an opportunity to tell you in the house, and I forgot to mention it afterwards. But we had better make haste, madam, for my lord is waiting."

"That is extraordinary," replied Catharine; "for he said he would not send till ten, and it is not that hour yet."

"We must have mistaken the time then," said the man, proceeding onwards.

"But I do not like to go to Roslin Chapel on Halloween," replied Catharine, "for they tell strange tales about it; and though I do not believe them, some one might put a disagreeable trick upon us, and therefore I do not like to go."

"Nor I either, by Heaven!" cried the

the man, hastily ; “ but one thing is, we shall not have to wait ; and my lord is staying there, all impatience,” he added.

This thought satisfied Catharine, and she followed, while the other proceeded —“ If we were to wait, I would not go, for they say that on Halloween the lord St. Clair rises from his tomb, and I have some reason to know that it's true. But you had better rest on my arm, madam, for you cannot walk so fast as I can.”

Catharine found great difficulty in keeping up with him, and, anxious and fatigued, she remembered what lord Morven said, that she might rely on him as her father, and she therefore accepted his offer ; but as she placed her hand on his arm, his cloak was necessarily displaced, and the moon gleamed bright on a pair of large pistols, hanging in the broad leather belt which went round his waist.

Catharine was now convinced that she  
was

was deceived, and, starting back, she ran, as fast as she could, on the road home, resolving to do any thing rather than proceed; but in a moment he caught her by the arm, and forcibly hurried her along. Catharine screamed violently, but in vain—no house was within call, and the man, drawing a pistol from his belt, commanded her to be silent instantly, while, still holding her fast by the arm, he walked on with the utmost rapidity towards Roslin.

Surprised, terrified, and confused, the senses of Miss Lilliesleaf had almost forsaken her; but Catharine had too strong a mind to sink under fear without making any effort to save herself; and she endeavoured to collect her thoughts as well as she could; but her strength was by no means equal to keep up with the quickness of her conductor's steps.

The man, perceiving her situation, slackened his pace in a slight degree, and endeavoured to calm her.—“Do not

not fear, madam," said he, in a more gentle tone of voice; "there is no danger—do not be alarmed."

"But where are you going to take me?" cried Catharine, exerting all her powers; "let me go, and you shall be handsomely rewarded."

The man shook his head, and hurried on.

"Do not, at least, take me to that horrid chapel," continued Catharine, remembering the disinclination he had before expressed to go.

"D——n the fellow," muttered the man to himself, "for putting it on me! I don't half like going to that place on such a bad errand."

Enough of this was heard by Catharine to renew her hopes; and bringing together her ideas, by a strong effort, she resolved to work upon the fears of her companion.

At this moment they arrived at the chapel, and pushing open the small door with

with his hand, the stranger drew her into the side-aisle.

"Von Mair! Von Mair!" cried he, in a low voice, advancing only a few steps, and that with evident dislike.

No one answered.

"Von Mair!" exclaimed he again, louder, and advancing from the side into the centre of the place, though, while he did so, there was an evident hesitation and alarm in his manner, that inspired Catharine with courage.

It was evident now that they were alone, and turning to the stranger, she exclaimed, in a solemn tone of voice—  
 "He does not answer—he will *not* answer! But now unhand me, or I will call *one* who *will* answer my call, and make you repent that you ever entered Roslin Chapel on Halloween."

"And who is that?" demanded the man, evidently affected by her impressive tone of voice.

"If I should call St. Clair from the grave,"

grave," cried Catharine, "I am resolved that you shall set me free."

The man's hand trembled, but still he held her arm.

"Well, then," cried Catharine, raising the hand that was at liberty, and pointing towards a tomb on which the moon was shining bright, "you force me to extremity. St. Clair, prince of Orkney," cried she, with strong emphasis—"St. Clair, the valiant and the true! in the name of Christ I call for assistance!—let me not call in vain!"

As she spoke these words with a deep and solemn tone, what was her astonishment on beholding a tall figure, bearing a gleaming sword in its right hand, rise slowly from the tomb!

Catharine, who had intended to shake off the slight grasp of the stranger, was now rooted to the spot. The stranger, trembling every limb, dropped her hand, as the figure rose; but no sooner did it, with slow and measured steps, advance  
along

along the centre of the church towards them, than turning suddenly round, he made one dart towards the door, and was out of the place in an instant.

Catharine also trembled—she knew not what to conceive, on seeing the adjuration she had so solemnly made immediately answered; but the moment that Armstrong had fled, the figure, discontinuing its measured steps, sprung towards the door, and fastening it in the inside, effectually prevented his return; then, advancing to Catharine, he put up his sword in the sheath—“Madam,” said he, “what am I understand?”

“That I owe you more than life,” replied she, still trembling; “only I entreat you to save me from those men, for I fear his return, and others with him.”

“But who are they?” demanded the stranger.

“I do not know,” replied Catharine,  
speaking



speaking hastily; "all I know is, he brought me here against my will. But there is no time to spare; let me beg you, sir, to assist me. My mother will thank you—lord Morven will thank you."

"Lord Morven!" cried the stranger; "I would do any thing to shew my gratitude to his family; but for your own sake, fair lady, I will do my best. Follow me, and do not fear, for I will protect you at any risk."

So saying, he led her by another way to the less ruined part of the building, and opening the door, brought her into a room, where an immense gathering coal was mouldering on the fire. The stranger struck it two or three hard blows, when, breaking to pieces, it burst into a clear bright flame, and discovered to Catharine, for the first time, the features of the stranger.

She started back, scarcely able to credit

dit her senses.—“Charles!” exclaimed she, and threw herself into the arms of her equally-astonished brother.

“Heavens and earth, Catharinē!” cried sir Charles Lilliesleaf, pressing her again and again to his bosom; “but tell me, my dear little Katrine, what, in the name of Fortune, has brought you into this situation?”

“Wait a few minutes, Charles,” replied she, “and then I will make you a fair confession of all my folly, for it is owing to my folly all I have suffered to-night; but in the meantime tell me how it is you are here, for I am sure the one is as strange as the other; and then I shall have time to rest, for I have been so frightened and so fatigued, that I am quite unable to give any clear account at present.”

“First you shall take a glass of wine, Katrine,” replied her brother, “for even here I am well supplied;” and having given his sister some refreshment, he proceeded

proceeded—"I will not now tell you all that has happened since I have been abroad; that will serve for many a fire-side tale in years to come; but at last, some months ago, the prince advised me to make my peace with the powers of the day, and represented to me how foolish it was to remain in exile, distant from my country and my friends, when I could serve him in no way whatever, and I determined, therefore, to try if I could not procure a pardon. The only way to do this, I understood, was to interest some Whig nobleman in my cause; but here again I was at fault, for it was not likely that one of our family should be well acquainted with any Whig. At length the earl of Nithsdale occurred to me, and, as you may recollect, I had several interviews with him some time ago, on account of the proximity of our estates, in all of which I found him most liberal and honourable, I resolved to apply in person to him.

I did

I did not like to write, and therefore taking advantage of a ship coming to Leith, I adopted another name, and came directly here.

"With all the warmth and kindness of his own benevolent heart, he entered directly into my cause, and promised to use his utmost influence to procure my pardon, but at the same time blamed me excessively for coming to this country before it had been obtained. However, as it was done, he advised me to take refuge here, in order to avoid notice or inquiry, and came himself down with me to Mrs. Bauclass, the old woman, you know, who keeps the chapel. She recognized me immediately, but promised secrecy, which she has inviolably kept."

"But have you got your pardon, Charles?" interrupted Catharine, eagerly.

"It came down yesterday," replied her brother; "but as there were some

forms to go through, and I had not personally received it, lord Nithsdale thought it best that I should remain here another day, and by following his advice I have had an opportunity of rescuing my sister."

"But why, Charles," demanded Catharine, "did you not, in the first instance, come to us? was not that unkind?"

"No, indeed," replied he; "in the first place, I followed entirely the directions of lord Nithsdale, who advised me not. In the next place, I did not know who you might have in the house, nor would I, at all events, have involved you in the ruin which must have ensued, had my pardon been refused, and I not able to escape. My mother's handsome fortune, which was left her by the government when ours was forfeited, would then have been lost too. Besides, I have been so strict a prisoner, even here, that I have never been out  
but

but when the earl sent for me; not even to the chapel, until to-night, where I have so often wandered in childhood. I was musing there this evening, over years and pleasures gone by, when, hearing voices, I concealed myself by the tomb, and, on your solemn adjuration to the ghost of St. Clair, I looked up, scarcely knowing whether you were in jest or not; but the moment I saw the rude figure of your companion, grasping you by the arm, I was convinced that the matter was no joke, and therefore drew my sword to assist you; yet, not knowing how to act exactly, I resolved to personate, as well as I could, the person you called upon. And now, Katrine, you must tell me," continued he, "how this strange and incomprehensible affair came about? But no," pausing and kissing his sister's pale cheek, "you look very tired; you shall lay down here, and rest till the morning, and then you shall tell me all; and in

the meantime I'll call old Mrs. Bauclass to assist you."

"No, Charles," replied Catharine, blushing deeply, but firmly resolved to inform her brother of the whole circumstances of her engagement with lord Morven; "no—concealment has caused me too much unhappiness already; and as it is a confession I have to make, and that a painful one, the sooner it is over the better."

She then clearly and distinctly told sir Charles Lilliesleaf the whole of her acquaintance with her lover, from the moment of its commencement up to the time she spoke.

"Of the man that came for me to-night," continued she, "I can form no opinion; that he did not come from Morven is evident; but how he could so well know all our plans, I cannot conceive. However, I observed, as he dragged me along, that he had a superstitious dread of entering the chapel to-night;

night; and when I saw that the person he called Von Mair, or some name like that, was not there, I had hopes of working on his fears till I could find means to escape; thinking, if once I could release myself from his grasp, I might be able to hide myself in the ruins, every spot of which I know well; but who he is, or what could be his object, I cannot possibly imagine."

"Could it be that villain M'Donald?" said her brother.

"No, certainly it was not himself," replied Catharine, "though he might have sent another. But now, Charles, I have given you the whole truth—tell me, am I worthy of pardon?"

Her brother pressed her to his bosom.—"You are a silly girl, Katrine," replied he; "that is the best and the worst I can say of you; but my pardon is not what you want, and I will answer for my mother's. But, my dear girl, I feel



feel myself bound in honour to inform lord Nithsdale of all this business."

"But will not Morven have a right to accuse me of betraying his confidence?" asked Catharine.

"No," replied sir Charles, "lord Morven can never blame you for telling the truth to your brother; and as a man of honour himself, he must see that there is but one course for me to pursue, situated as I am in respect to his father."

"Well," replied Catharine, with a sigh, "whatever it may cost me, I will abide by what you think right; and I am sure, Charles, you will regard your sister's happiness. But what will Morven think of my absence all this time? He must be anxious and alarmed, or think that I have deceived him."

"I will do for your happiness," replied sir Charles Lilliesleaf, "as much and more than I would do for my own; but I would not, nor would you wish me

me to hazard my honour, for all that the world could give. But now," continued he, "you may rest in quiet till the morning: lord Morven will think that you have found it impossible to get away, when his servant tells him that you are not with the rest of the party; and at all events he will have information to-morrow. I will now call old Mrs. Bauclass to assist you, but take care, and do not let her learn any of the particulars of to-night's adventure; for though the old woman is taciturnity itself, and can answer no questions, because she cannot hear them, the fewer people know any thing about it the better." So saying, he went, and after much difficulty woke the old lady of the chapel, and got her to understand him.

On entering the chamber that had been prepared for sir Charles, she was not a little surprised to see Miss Lilliesleaf; but with her curiosity seemed dead; and making the young lady as

comfortable as the place would admit, she left her to enjoy the *répose* which fatigue and agitation had rendered so necessary, and returned to prepare another chamber for sir Charles; but the mind of Catharine's brother was not so well disposed to take that rest of which his sister soon partook, and walking backwards and forwards in the half-dilapidated apartment, he revolved in his own thoughts the circumstances of which his sister had informed him, and which threw rather a shade over the bright prospects that seemed opening to his view.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.  
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Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood.  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

*Macbeth*

THE evening had set in, and the hour of appointment was approaching, when lord Morven, who had just written a letter to his father, that he might not be alarmed by his absence, received a summons to attend the earl in the library.

The matter was of little consequence, but it served to detain the young lover some time, much against his inclination. At length, however, he found an opportunity of departing, and placing the letter in his breast, he hurried down to

Hawthornden, where William, disguised as an old Highlander, was waiting for his master.—“ Now, William,” exclaimed lord Morven, “ haste ye ! and remember the word is, ‘ the moon is shining on Roslin Castle !’ Do not hurry Catharine along the road ; and as you come, talk to her and try to make her mind easy, William : tell her I am waiting here, all impatience till I see her. Now haste ye, William ! but tell her not to be alarmed—that she will see her mother again in a few days.”

With these directions he suffered the man to depart, and began walking up and down before the caves. Ardent and impatient, every moment seemed to him an age ; and a thousand times, by the light of the moon, he looked at his watch, to see if he might yet expect her.

He had waited thus near half-an-hour, and was beginning to be alarmed lest any mistake had occurred, when a scream struck

struck his ear.—“What can that scream be?” thought he; “nothing can have happened to Catharine, surely!”

The sound was evidently at some distance, and lord Morven listened some moments to hear if it was repeated, and then walked a short way in the direction from whence it seemed to proceed: but all was still—not a voice, or a sound of any kind, broke the silence of the night, and he returned, not daring to leave the caves, lest Catharine should arrive in his absence.

He now began to feel seriously uneasy at his servant's stay—“Surely,” thought he, “Catharine would not promise and then disappoint me? or can her mother have discovered it? oh, no, that is impossible!” and he again began pacing backwards and forwards, when, to his great joy, he heard voices that seemed approaching towards him, and he advanced a short way to meet them.

“Curse your superstition!” cried a  
 I 6. voice;

voice; "I dare say the ghost of the devil! d——d nonsense, I tell you! Do you think the ghost fastened the door behind him?"

"I tell you, Von Mair," cried another, "I saw it with my own eyes; I am no more a coward than you are, as I have proved before now: but you are such a hardened infidel, you care neither for heaven nor hell—believe neither in God nor devil!"

"Hush!" cried the other, sternly, "or your d——d babbling will take away all chance of finding them here!"

"Who are these?" thought lord Morven, and laying his hand on one of his pistols, he attempted to retreat, without noise, towards the cave, but unfortunately his foot caught in one of the long stems of a bramble, and he fell. The noise instantly attracted the attention of the smugglers, and in a moment Morven found himself surrounded, and seized by four or five men.—"Unhand me!" cried

cried he, struggling; "what do you want with me?"

"He is alone," said Von Mair, totally careless of the words of the young nobleman. "Ay! she has escaped home by your d——d folly, Armstrong! she shall not get off so, though, if all the ghosts in hell stood between us! Now hold your tongue, my lord," continued he, pointing a pistol to lord Morven, who was struggling with his men; "for if you don't, curse me if you shan't have the contents of this through your head! This fine fellow shall not get away though! I suppose it's all over for to-night—so take him down to the boat."

Lord Morven still attempted to free himself, but Von Mair struck him a blow on the head with the butt of his pistol, which, for the time, completely stunned him.

The distance that the men had to carry lord Morven to the sea-shore was considerable; and long before they arrived there,



there, he had recovered his senses; and perceiving a house at some distance, attempted to make himself heard.

Von Mair was on the point of again silencing him with the hilt of his cutlass, but Armstrong interfered—"No, Von Mair," exclaimed he, interrupting the blow, "you shall not. You are an unfeeling brute."

"Let him go quietly then," replied the captain, "or I'll knock his brains out."

"You had better go peaceably, my lord," said Armstrong; "you cannot escape, depend upon it, and to resist will only get you ill treatment."

"Well then," replied he, looking stedfastly at the man who spoke, "I will, on condition of being well used."

"Ay, ay," cried Von Mair, "you shall be well used—never fear!"

On arriving at the sea-shore, they walked for some way along the sands, towards a small inlet, where a boat was moored,

moored, with two or three men in her, who seemed to be asleep. These were soon roused, and lord Morven being placed in it, the boat pushed off, and rowed towards the brig, which lay at some distance.

For some way, the pirates or smugglers kept a profound silence, and nothing interrupted the quiet calm of the night, but the dash of the oars as they dipped into the swelling wave, and broke the clear ripple of the moonbeam reflected from its bosom.

Lord Morven had now time to collect his thoughts, and a thousand fears, not so much for himself as Catharine, took possession of his bosom. From the conversation, that he had heard of those who now had him in their power, he was led to conclude, that Miss Liliesleaf was their principal object. What had become of her he could not tell, but it was evident, that as yet she had not fallen into their power, and so far  
he

he had cause for pleasure ; but if she came to Hawthornden, and found him gone, what could she imagine of him ? and he was also far from certain that these men had not left others behind to watch for her arrival.

At this moment his attention was called to those who seemed his principal conductors. Von Mair had for some time been whispering to the other, who appeared to listen to him attentively. In the position in which they sat, lord Morven could not see the countenances of the pirates, but at length Armstrong exclaimed aloud—"Never, Von Mair, never! as long as my name is Armstrong! I'll tell you what, Von Mair, you'll go to the devil, that's certain; and it's the cable tier to a rope's end that I do too: but still, even there, thank God I shall have a clearer conscience than you have, at all events!"

"Ay," said Von Mair, coolly, "very likely; but, if I am damned at all, let  
it

it be out and out—not half-damned, as you will be. Why, I'd rather be an honest man at once."

"And so would I," replied Armstrong; "perhaps it may not be too late for me yet, though I'm thinking *you'd* find it rather a difficult matter; but, as I said before, as long as my name's Armstrong, I'll not stand by and see you throw him overboard."

"Well, hold your tongue!" cried the other, hastily; "let us go a-board first, and then we'll talk about it."

"Be it so," replied Armstrong, "but mind you won't change me. You have led me too long already, Von Mair; I'll do any thing that is fair and straight—I'll never be the last where there's danger, but I'll not turn common cut-throat for any man."

The boat now neared the ship. They were instantly hailed, the signal given, and coming alongside, Morven was taken into the vessel. As soon as the  
rest

rest had come on board, and the boat was hoisted up, Morven turned to Von Mair, and offered any ransom that he would name, as he conceived *that* could be his only object.

"I would not ransom you if you could lay the world at my feet," replied the captain; "take him below, and fasten down the hatches;" and upon the word he was hurried down to a small kind of cabin, which had been used as a place of security for smuggled and pirated goods; and Von Mair following, fastened a door that cut it off from the rest of the hold, leaving lord Morven in total darkness.

"Turn up all hands!" cried Von Mair, as he came on deck. This was accordingly done.

"What are you at now, Von Mair?" demanded Armstrong.

"You shall see," replied the captain, with a grin; "you shall see."

"Very well," said Armstrong, coolly, taking

taking a pistol from his belt, and looking at the priming; "I will see."

Von Mair then advanced towards the crew, which consisted of three or four and twenty fellows, seemingly of several countries, or rather of any country that happened to suit them—true citizens of the world! •

"Now, my men," said Von Mair, addressing them, "with an easy flow of language, "this ship is mine. I bought her with my money, and I fitted her out at my own expence; I have engaged you all as my crew, and I pay you well for being so; is not every man on board my vessel bound to obey my orders?"

A hoarse grumble from the men announced their assent.

"And, by our rules and regulations, is not every man who disobeys or refuses liable to be shot?"

They again assented.

"Well then," continued he, "this man

man Armstrong, whom I have made my lieutenant, not only refuses to obey them, but has sworn he will not suffer them to be executed. What does he deserve?"

The crew were silent, and each man looked at his neighbour.

"Come, my lads!" cried Armstrong, advancing towards them; "d——n your eyes, what do you wait for? Look here, as the captain has accused me, I'll defend myself; and as he has appealed to you, *you* shall be the judges. When first I engaged with this Von Mair, it was in the smuggling business (in plain English), which we were to pursue. Under this notion, I undertook, and so did all of you. That was all fair, and so I did not mind. Well then, we got to privateering a bit, and that was fair too, for that was against the enemies of my own country. At last, however, the captain got to find out that several of those bearing neutral flags were enemies vessels ;

vessels; and even there, perhaps, I was not so particular as I ought to have been, but followed him *on* still. But now you see, after having led me from bad to worse, what does he want to do? Why, he goes ashore here after a girl—falls in with a young lord of our own country, who was going to be married to her, and then wants to throw him overboard. Now, my men, I've led you to many a tough job, and there is not a man here that ever saw me afraid of any thing natural; and as long as it was smuggling and *that*, I did not care, for then they could only have hanged me if they had caught me; but to murder a man in cold blood is a thing that I never did, nor never will *see* done, as long as my name's Armstrong. So now speak out: will you see him thrown overboard, or will you not? for if you say yes, why d——n me if I don't send a ball through that fellow's head,



head, and so settle it at once. So now, at a word, will you, or will you not?"

"No! no! no!" cried a dozen voices at once. "No, captain, we'll fight for you and all that," said one of the men to Von Mair, who stood biting his lip; "but we'll not go to do such a thing as that either, d—n me!"

Von Mair was now convinced of what he had long before suspected, that his crew were much more attached to Armstrong than to himself, and his resolution was instantly taken, to get him out of the way on the very first occasion that he conveniently could. This, however, was not the proper time, and he found that he had now left himself nothing for it but to bend for a while, till he could find an opportunity to rid himself at once of a man he feared.—"Armstrong," said he, taking the reluctant hand of his lieutenant, "you have mistaken me entirely—I did not mean to throw him overboard."

"Why,

"Why, what the devil *did* you mean, then, by that d——d southern phrase of yours—'sending him to Davy's locker?'" demanded Armstrong.

"Nonsense!" said Von Mair, with an affected laugh. "I said, send him to Davy Lockart's, man, that sold us the last cargo of brandy, which we sold again at London to the commissioners of excise, don't you remember? he would keep him safe till I got hold of the girl."

"Um!" said Armstrong; "I must dissemble for a little too," thought he. "Davy Lockart's!" cried he; "why, I thought you said Davy's locker; but they are so much alike, it is no wonder I mistook."

"No, it is not," replied Von Mair, again shaking him by the hand; "so now all quarrels ended, and we are all friends again."

"Ay!" said Armstrong, "I have no objection to his being sent to Davy Lockart's;

Lockart's; a trip to Ostend would do the lad no harm."

"No!" cried Von Mair, laughing; "but I must get the girl first. I will go to-night to the liouse, and have her whether they will or not. 'There are none but women and old men there," continued he, looking at Armstrong, "and so we can manage it without bloodshed; and we will sail as soon as she is on board. You'll be of the party, Armstrong? I'm sure you won't lag where there is any danger."

"Oh no, captain!" replied Armstrong, "I will not be last where there is any personal risk! but I will turn in, for I must have some sleep, if there's more work for to-morrow night;" and turning away, he left the deck, muttering to himself, as he went down the hatchway, "no bloodshed! a tiger might as well talk of leaving a pet-lamb! But this is no ship for me any longer, or I shall go  
to

to Davy Lockart's too. He thinks he'll have me safe enough to-morrow night, but he shall find himself mistaken; ay, and it shall go hard but I'll thwart his villainy with that poor girl. I'm glad she got away. Ay, let me consider—yes, so be it; I'll set him free, and then I'll answer for a dozen good fellows, who'll follow me to the devil."

In the meantime Von Mair, or rather Macdonald, for such was his real name, was congratulating himself in the prospect of success which his scheme afforded. It seemed evident to him, that Catharine had returned home after her flight from Armstrong, and he resolved to carry her off at all risks. He also hoped that he might find an opportunity of getting rid of his stubborn lieutenant by the way; he therefore picked out all those men on whom he could most rely, as attached to himself, to man the boat, and gave orders that the ship should be prepared to sail at a moment's notice.

• Having thus arranged, he felt confident in all his plans; he would separate those of his men disinclined towards him from their leader—he would possess the woman he loved—he would be revenged on *her* for scorning his affection, and on her brother for repelling the insult offered to his sister; and in imagination gratified to the full, as the morning rose whose evening was to witness his enterprise, he paced the deck with a firmer step, and in his own mind scoffed at the pride of honour, and the power of Heaven.

## CHAPTER VII.

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Is not some smiling hour at hand,  
 With peace upon its wings?  
 Give it, oh, God ! thy swift command,  
 With all the joy it brings. WATTS.

CATHARINE was not a little surprised, on the morning after her flight, to find herself at Roslin. Fatigue and agitation had entirely overpowered her, and she forgot in sleep all the events of the preceding night. They gradually, however, broke upon her memory ; yet even then she could scarcely persuade herself that it was not all a dream, until the sight of broken walls and ruined arches, from the small deep window of her apartment, together with the antique figure of Mrs. Badclass, breaking the

K 2                      gathering-

gathering-coal, and redding-up the room, convinced her that the whole was a reality.

Catharine's toilet was soon made, and turning to the old lady of the chapel, she inquired for her brother? It was some time before she could make herself heard by Mrs. Bauclass, but at length it seemed suddenly to flash upon the old woman's mind what Miss Lilliesleaf wanted.—“Oo! it's yer brither, Miss Katrine; he's just waiting to ken if ye're waking yet.”

“Where is he?” demanded Catharine; “I will go to him.”

“He's just at the stair-feet, mem,” replied Mrs. Bauclass, “waiting till I tell him ye're getting up.”

Catharine ran down the stairs, and found her brother, as the old lady had said, actually waiting at the bottom of the stairs, to know if she was awake.

Sir Charles Lilliesleaf made many inquiries concerning his sister's health, after  
ter

ter her fatigue and alarm the night before, and then informed her that it was his intention to go over to lord Nithsdale's immediately after breakfast — "And you can wait here until I return, Catharine," continued he.

But to this Catharine would by no means consent.—"No, Charles," replied she, "I dare not stay here by myself, for fear of those men; but if you *will* go, I will go too, and I can wait for you anywhere near, for where there are people about, I shall not be afraid; but here it is so lonely."

Her brother agreed to this, and then led her to where Mrs. Bauclass had prepared a very substantial breakfast for them. Catharine sat down, but she scarcely tasted any thing that was set before her; and her brother observed, that there was a constant uneasiness and anxiety in her look, which led him to suspect that she was still alarmed.— "What is the matter, Katrine?" said he,



he, with a smile; "surely you are not afraid when I am here to protect you?"

"No," replied she, "it is not that—but my mother, Charles."

"Be at ease about that," replied he, "for I have sent over to tell her, not only that you were safe, but also that I am in Scotland, and with you."

"Oh, Charles!" said Catharine, "how shall I ever dare to see her again?"

"You should have thought of that before you played truant," replied her brother, smiling; "but I will go with you, and protect you."

"Oh! it is not that I am afraid she will be angry," answered his sister; "for if she was very angry indeed, I might be sulky too; but I know she will be so good, and so kind, that I shall not dare to look her in the face."

"Oh, very well! I will tell her to scold very much, if that will please you better," replied her brother. "But come, put on your cloak, Miss Run-away, and  
we

"we will go first to the earl's, and then home, for I own I long to see my mother."

As soon as Catharine was ready, they set out for lord Nithsdale's, and leaving the river and Roslin to the right, they arrived, in about a quarter of an hour, at some cottages not far from that nobleman's mansion; and here sir Charles Lilliesleaf left his sister, while he himself went on to the earl's.

Catharine waited some time, in the most anxious expectation, for the result of an interview on which the happiness of her future life depended, at the same time nearly sure that she had nothing to hope from lord Nithsdale. Restless and impatient, she had advanced to the door of the cottage in which her brother had left her, when she perceived an old man coming slowly down the road which led to the house. He looked better dressed than the common people, and

Catharine, taking him for the grieve, retired a step into the house, that he might not observe her.

He however advanced towards her. —“Madam,” said he, pulling off his bonnet, “I believe I speak to Miss Lilliesleaf?”

Catharine bowed her head.

“My lord desired me to say,” continued the man, “that he would be glad if you would honour him with a few minutes conversation.”

Catharine trembled every limb; fain would she have declined going, but that was impossible.—“How cruel it was of Charles to say I was here!” thought she. “He might have come himself at least.”

However, she was obliged to go, and following the old man, she proceeded towards the mansion of lord Morven’s father, who, she knew, by this time, must be acquainted with all her connexion with his son.

“Your

“Your brother, madam, sir Charles Lilliesleaf,” said the old man, as they proceeded, “is with my lord.”

“Is he, sir?” said Catharine, agitated to a degree.

“Yes, madam,” replied the other; “and my lord bid me say that he was much gratified in having this opportunity of seeing a young lady whose acquaintance he has long desired.”

“What can this mean?” thought Catharine; and then turning suddenly to her companion, while her countenance rapidly brightened — “Pray, sir,” said she, “is your name William?”

“Yes, madam,” replied the old man, with a smile and a bow, “my name is William.”

Catharine’s breast was lightened, but they now came within sight of the house, and her fears returned. — “And is lord Nithsdale a good-tempered man?” asked Catharine, trying to reassure herself.

“His servants think him so, madam,” answered the other.

“He bears the character of a very benevolent one,” continued Catharine.

“I know that he never wishes to give pain, when he can bestow happiness, madam,” said the old man.

Catharine’s apprehensions, notwithstanding this character of lord Nithsdale, increased as they approached the house. On entering the hall, all the servants stood up as she passed; but the wavering steps of the terrified girl would scarcely bear her to the door of the library, which the old man threw open; and what was her pleasure to behold her brother standing quite alone in the midst of the spacious apartment! Nor was her surprise less, when the old man, who had conducted her took her hand in an affectionate manner—“Do not be surprised, my dear young lady, said he,” in a gentle tone—“I am lord Nithsdale.”

Catharine

Catharine started back—gazed first at the earl, then at her brother—“ Oh, my lord !” cried she at length, blushing deeply, “ I am ashamed to see you.”

“ Nay, there is no occasion for that,” replied lord Nithsdale ; “ the fault lays with that wild boy, Morven ; for it was only yesterday morning that I told him I would in no respect control his choice.”

Catharine’s heart beat high—all her fondest hopes seemed fulfilled ; but still she could not recover her first apprehension, and she stood trembling and blushing before the earl while he spoke.

“ Come, fair lady,” said the old gentleman, kindly, and perceiving her agitation, “ sit ye down here—you must not be alarmed at your father-in-law, or I shall not love you.”

“ Oh, my lord !” cried the blushing girl, “ you are too—too good !”

“ Excellent man !” exclaimed sir Charles Lilliesleaf, who till then had stood by in silence, gazing on the kind-hearted

earl, while he removed the apprehensions of his sister—"excellent man! and, oh! what a *happy* man also must you be, who have it so much in your power to exercise that benevolence you delight in!"

"I *am* a happy man," replied lord Nithsdale, and he sighed; "but sir Charles," continued he, "I will leave your sister with you for a few minutes until she has somewhat recovered herself," and he accordingly left the room.

During his absence sir Charles informed his sister that lord Morven had not yet returned, but that the earl was under no alarm on account of his absence; for that his servant William, not having arrived at lady Lilliesleaf's until the party had broken up, and in consequence not being able to gain admission, had returned to Hawthornden, where, although lord Morven was gone, he found a letter which his master had left.—"Here it is, Catharine," continued her

her brother," taking it from the table—

"you may read it."

It contained only a few words :

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"MY DEAR FATHER;

"Do not let my absence alarm you, or any extraordinary circumstance attending it; be assured I am safe, and will be back in a short time.

"MORVEN."

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On the back of the paper was written, in a hasty manner—"William, give this to my father."

"It is extraordinary too," said Catharine, "that he should go away."

Sir Charles Lilliesleaf was about to reply, when lord Nithsdale again entered the room, seemingly dressed for going out.—"I have ordered my coach, Miss Lilliesleaf," said he, "to take us in a body to your mother's, as I intend, in the



the absence of my son, to plead his cause myself."

As soon as the carriage was ready, the earl handed Catharine to it, and then having insisted on sir Charles getting in, he followed last himself.

The flat-sided broad-windowed vehicle of lord Nithsdale, unlike the carriages of the present day, moved along in slow and sober state towards the house of lady Lilliesleaf, whilst many a child, of every age, was turned out to gaze at the fine carved and gilt coach, and six beautiful horses, and then look at each other, and laugh with wonder and admiration.

Lord Nithsdale had seen courts, and served princes, and soon, by the easy kindness of his manner and conversation, he removed the restraint that Catharine had at first felt in his company.

When the carriage stopped—"You, sir Charles, get out first," said the earl. "do not wait for us—I will attend upon the young lady."

Sir

Sir Charles sprung from the coach, and pressing through the eager servants, who, hearing of his arrival in Scotland, had assembled to greet their young master on his return from exile, he proceeded, with a rapid step, towards the hall, where lady Lilliesleaf was; he threw open the door, and in a moment pressed his mother to his breast.

“My son! my dear, dear Charles!” cried lady Lilliesleaf, and fell weeping on his bosom; then raising her eyes, she gazed at him through her tears—“Oh, how like his father!” she exclaimed, and again hid her face upon his breast.

Catharine took the hand of her mother—lady Lilliesleaf turned from her son to his sister—“Katrine too!” cried she; “God bless you, my children! God bless you! and grant that we may never part again!”

Lord Nithsdale was affected, and turned away, to hide the drop that sparkled in his eye. Sir Charles whispered something

thing to his mother. The old lady instantly turned round, and advancing to the earl, she held out her hand towards him—"You have restored me my son," she said—it was all that she could say, and it spoke more than an oration.

Lord Nithsdale took her hand—"Madam," he replied, "I am repaid—fully repaid, by what I have seen, and what I have felt; but I will not say too much about that, for I have yet a favour to ask."

"Ask any," said lady Lilliesleaf; "I could refuse you none, my lord, without you asked him back again."

"It is one almost as great," replied the earl, looking round for Catharine; but at that moment she had withdrawn from the room; "I will not ask you for your son, lady Lilliesleaf," continued the earl, "but I will ask you for your daughter. By this time, madam, I understand you are acquainted with all the circumstances of my son's acquaintance with

with Miss Lilliesleaf, and in every point of view, I think that it will be much better that this alliance should take place sanctioned by all parties. Morven loves your daughter, and from all I have seen, I will say I cannot wonder at it. Miss Lilliesleaf apparently is not averse to him. I have come here to plead his cause myself, which I should have done long ago, had I known of his attachment. Sir Charles has already given his consent, and there only wants yours, my dear madam, to give happiness to many."

"My lord," replied lady Lilliesleaf, "I will leave the matter entirely to Catharine. I was free and unshackled in my own choice, nor have I ever had cause to repent that I was so; and certain that my daughter would never do any thing to disgrace her family, I had long ago fully determined not even to bias my child in her marriage; therefore it is to her you must apply; but this  
indeed

indeed I will say, that in any way to shew my gratitude for your kindness to my son, will give me the greatest pleasure that life has left for me."

"Well, then, madam," said the earl, "I have no doubt that my son will be over here, during the evening, to urge his suit in person, and I am not very fearful lest he should not succeed. I left word for him at home, in case he should return during my absence, that he would find us here; and Morven will not be slow in coming, I am sure. But I must tell you, lady Lilliesleaf, that your son has honoured me with an invitation to dinner, which I do not know but I should have craved, even had he not."

"Indeed, my lord," replied lady Lilliesleaf, "I should have thought it a reproach to me, if you had offered to depart; and I hope that in future our house will often be honoured with the presence of one who has made it the abode of pleasure."

"Oh,

“ Oh, madam !” replied the earl, “ I hope that soon we shall be so nearly allied, that though our houses may be separate, our families will be one.”

Soon after Catharine again entered the room—“ Whatever may be Morven’s faults,” said the earl, in a low voice, to her brother, as she advanced towards them, “ he has at least proved himself a man of taste.”

“ I hope and believe,” replied sir Charles, with a smile, “ that you will find he has proved himself a man of discernment also.”

“ In this instance I believe it most firmly,” said the earl, “ or else experience has not taught me physiognomy.”

All animosity, all party politics, seemed, by mutual consent, to be buried in oblivion. The cheerfulness of lord Nithsdale spread through the circle his benevolence had made happy ; and though Catharine would sometimes think that Morven’s absence was extraordinary, and  
lady

lady Lilliesleaf would at times fix her eyes on the countenance of her son, while a shade of care would steal gradually over her brow, yet bright hope would soon dispel Catharine's apprehension, and to her mother the prospect of future happiness would chase away the memory of past misfortune.

## CHAPTER VIII.

————— But, gentle Heaven!  
Cut short all intermission. • From front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself,  
Within my sword's length set him—if he 'scape,  
Then Heaven forgive him too! MACBETH.

AN unusually-fine day for the time of year closed rapidly in, and the swell of the waves, and low whispering of the wind, as the night approached, predicted, to the experienced mind of Von Mair, the storm that was likely to follow.

“We shall have a storm, captain,” said one of his principal men, addressing him as he paced the deck backwards and forwards, fixing his cold firm eye on the heaving bosom of the ocean,

“We



“We shall,” replied he, “but not before morning. Order me out the boat.”

The boat was hoisted out, and manned according to his direction; nine of the crew, whom he could depend upon, as having but few scruples, and being more particularly attached to himself, were placed in it, well armed, and he only waited for his lieutenant, to set off on the expedition in which he hoped to gratify every bad passion of his nature.

“Armstrong! Armstrong!” cried he, down the hatchway, “we are waiting for you.”

Armstrong obeyed the summons; but as he came upon deck there was a frown upon his brow, and a firm determination in his look, that instantly caught the wary eye of Von Mair.—“He suspects me,” thought he; then repeated aloud, “we are waiting for you, Armstrong.”

“You do not want *me*, Von Mair,” replied Armstrong; “you have plenty with you—so I shall not go.”

“Are

"Are you afraid?" demanded Von Mair, with a bitter sneer.

"No," replied Armstrong, coolly, "I am not. That is a stale trick of yours, Von Mair, by piquing me on my courage, to get me to do any thing; but what I engaged with you for was a very different business. As long as you hold to that, I will serve you, and you know I can serve you well; but in this job I will not. With respect to the girl, of course you may do as you like—it is no affair of mine, and so I shall not stand in your way; but that is no reason I should go with you; and if you would take my advice, you would not go yourself, but set this youth ashore, give up this bad business, and let us all return to our old way of living."

"Pshaw!" cried Von Mair. He was perplexed—he was angry. He dared not take any men with him that were not attached to himself, and yet he feared to leave Armstrong in command of  
the

the vessel, filled almost entirely with men who were too honest for his own purposes. He was determined not to give up the expedition, let the consequences be what they would; at the same time, he saw that it would be ruin to come to an extremity with his lieutenant at that moment.

"Very well," said he to Armstrong, after thinking a moment or two, and putting on an easy air, "I do not want you to go with me, unless you like it; but I shall take the diamonds to Wurdywa's (who was to have had them this morning); have you got them?"

"No," replied Armstrong, "I have not—they are below."

"Well then, I will fetch them," said the other, and descended the ladder.

Near a quarter of an hour elapsed before he returned, and Armstrong continued leaning against the boom.—"Ah!" muttered he, at length, to himself, "you are after no good now!"

"Armstrong,"

“Armstrong,” said Von Mair, coming on deck, and taking the other by the hand, “let there be no ill-will between us; we are *old* friends—let us be *good* friends to each other.”

“With all my heart,” replied the other; “only I wish you would give up all these mad schemes, and let us go back to our fair way of doing again.”

“Ay, so we will, when this is finished,” answered Von Mair, and jumped into the boat.

It was still light enough for Armstrong to discern the boat almost till she reached the shore. Leaning over the side of the ship, he accordingly watched her for some time, while each wave, alternately rising and falling, one moment hid her from his sight, and the next discovered her mounting on its bosom, and rapidly approaching to the strand.

As soon as Armstrong had satisfied himself that Von Mair was out of hearing, he called the rest of the crew to

the after-part of the ship.—“ Now; my men,” said he, “ I am not good at speechifying—I leave that to the fellow that’s just gone. You know me well, and that I am not apt to start at trifles; but that d——d rascal has no more honour or humanity about him than that rope’s end, which will ~~run~~ through any thing, or serve to hang any body; and now I’ll tell you what he’s gone about.”

He then informed them of all he knew concerning lord Morven and Catharine, together with the pirate’s history, the manner in which they had overheard the conversation at Hawthornden, and the captain’s plans ~~for~~ carrying off Miss Lilliesleaf.—“ As to the shift he made this morning about ~~not~~ throwing the lad overboard, that was ~~so~~ plain a lie, that I wonder he thought we could swallow it. But now, my lads,” continued he, “ there will be murder done on shore to-night, if we do not prevent it—will you lend a hand?”

“ Ay,

“Ay, that we will, Armstrong,” cried one of the sailors; “only it’s a chance, if we leave the ship, that we don’t get hanged ashore.”

“Oh no!” replied the lieutenant, “this lad’s father will take care of that, I’ll answer for it, if we save his son; and from all I see, he is as good a lad as ever walked the deck. But I want no man to go that does not like it.”

Oh, d——mc, we’ll go!” cried all the sailors within hearing. “That fellow Von Mir, he gets the money, and we get the knocks.”

“Well then, come down with me,” cried Armstrong, “and we’ll set lord Morven free.”

Thus saying, he led the way to the place in which the young nobleman had been confined. The door that opened into the other part of the hold was strongly fastened, and one of the men, with all the impetuosity of a sailor, was about to break it open; but Armstrong

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caught

caught his hand—"Stop!" cried he, "for Heaven's sake, stop!—look there!" pointing to the ground, where Von Mair had placed a smouldering match, in such a situation, that as soon as the door opened, the light would, of necessity, come in contact with a train of powder, leading to a barrel close by.

"Oh, the d——d rascal!" cried one of the men, "he deserves to be strung up at the yard-arm."

"Yes, he has got the diamonds, and every thing valuable, away with him," said Armstrong—"that I'll swear; and then he could easily get a new ship, if this had happened to be burnt. I thought that he did not stop so long below for nothing. Take away that barrel of powder, my lads, while I put out this match."

As soon as this was done, they broke open the door, and lord Morven suddenly found himself restored to liberty.

"My lord," said Armstrong, "I beg  
your

“your pardon for the part I have taken against you, and I am now ready to do any thing to make up for it.”

Lord Morven at first could scarcely see, from the glare of a light one of the sailors had brought; but shading his eyes with his hands, he gazed in the face of the speaker.—“You are the man,” said he, at length, “who prevented that ruffian from striking me.”

“I am,” said Armstrong; “but we have no time to spare,” and he then briefly related to the young nobleman the plans and history of Von Mair, or rather M'Donald. Catharine had, at different times, glanced at an insult she had formerly received, and the whole truth now at once opened to him.

“And now, my lord,” continued Armstrong, “here are a dozen good fellows, besides myself, at your disposal, who will none of us start at a little danger.”

Lord Morven looked round, on the



ruide weather-beaten countenances" and wild rough figures of the men who surrounded him, and who, half-shewn and half-concealed, by the single light which one of their companions held, looked truly ferocious.—“Can I trust these men?” thought he; “but why should I not? they can have no interest in releasing me, without they mean to serve me farther.”

“I will make no conditions with you, my lord,” continued Armstrong,—“that I will leave to yourself; but I hope that you will be able to procure our pardon for former offences.”

“That I will answer for,” replied lord Morven; “but let us haste—there is not a moment to be lost—depend upon it, you shall all be fully repaid. Do you consent to place yourselves under my direction?”

“We do,” cried several of the sailors, “and we’ll pepper that d—d rascal, for wanting to blow us up.”

Armstrong

Armstrong now restored to lord Morven his sword and pistols, which had been taken from him by Von Mair, and led the way to the deck.

The other boat was instantly hoisted out, and Morven, followed by Armstrong and twelve of the crew, well armed, sprung into it, and pushed off from the ship.

“Row fast, my men! row fast!” cried lord Morven; “here are twenty guineas to each man, if we reach the shore in a quarter of an hour.”

The rowers plied every sinew, but it was in vain attempting to keep pace with the wishes of the young nobleman, whose soul burnt with indignation every time he thought of Von Mair.—“Villain!” muttered he to himself, “he shall pay for it, if my blade comes across him.” But still the boat seemed to make no way at all, to the impatient mind of lord Morven, and still he entreated the rowers to speed.

"The moment we land," said he, turning to Armstrong, who was steering, "we will proceed up, over the fields, to lady Lilliesleaf's—do you know the way I mean?"

"No, my lord," replied Armstrong; "indeed I do not."

"Oh! but *I do*," said Morven; "I can lead you—it is by far the shortest."

"Very well, my lord," replied the other, "we will follow you; but I do not think that you need give yourself so much alarm, for I know he is going about some other business first."

"Ay, but there can be no harm in speed, to be there before him—so row away, my men!"

"Hush! hush!" cried Armstrong, bearing up for a small cove—"there is the boat; we will run alongside, and seize the fellows in her."

With scarcely any noise they glided up to the cove, nor did the drowsy sailors of Von Mair's crew perceive their approach,

approach, until the sides of the boats grated against each other, and Armstrong, springing amongst them, placed a pistol at the head of one of the men. —“Tom Malcolm,” cried he, “if you stir an inch, I’ll blow your brains out.”

“Why, what’s the matter now?” demanded the man; “Armstrong, what are you at?”

“That is nothing to you,” replied the other; “but only be quiet, or you are a dead man.”

By this time Morvyn and the rest had secured the other two, whom Von Mair had left in the boat, and tying their hands with some of the ropes, they left them under the charge of three of their own crew, with orders to shoot them, if they attempted to stir.

“Now, my lord, lead the way,” exclaimed Armstrong, “and I, at least, will follow you wherever you go. I feel as if I could fight the devil himself now; for this is the first time for twen-

ty years, that I can clap my hand on my heart, and say—‘I am in a good cause.’”

## CHAPTER IX.

Yield ! never : while revenge may yet be mine.  
 Death cannot doom me hell ; vengeance is bliss,  
 And Heaven could give no more. ANON.

.....

They've tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,  
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. MACBETH.

THE utmost harmony continued to reign at lady Lilliesleaf's. Happy in the restoration of her son, the heart of the old lady expanded to pleasure, sombre remembrances were forgot, and she continued to fix her eyes upon his face, and scarcely able to credit such sudden happiness, would often ask herself, was it a dream ? or was it really her gallant, her loved, her long-lost son, that she

L 6. beheld,

beheld, seated in the hall of his ancestors—breathing the air of his native country—returned from exile—free from danger, and unstained by reproach? and as her senses convinced her of the truth of what she saw, she would alternately look with gratitude on the benevolent man who had restored her to pleasure, and pour forth her mental thanks to that Power who had, in her old age, once more opened the prospect of felicity.

Sir Charles himself had scarcely any alloy to the happiness of his return. Surrounded by all he loved—far from hazard, and once more enjoying the pleasant country of his youth, he had also the delightful consciousness of having fulfilled what he considered his duty, to the uttermost. He had no painful recollection—he had no present uncom-  
fort—he had no prospect of future misfortune—all was bright and clear; he seemed like one placed on a mountain  
in

in a summer's day—he could look on every side, and all was sunshine.

The feelings of Catharine were rather different. *She* too was happy, yet the absence of one so much loved threw a shade into the scene; nevertheless she would not allow herself to think, far less indulge the idea, of her lover's absence being any thing more than ordinary, and when she turned her eye on the countenance of her mother, which had been long cast down with grief, and beheld it now beaming with joy—when she looked on the long-vacant chair of her brother, and saw it once more filled by so loved a form, she chid herself for allowing her thoughts to wander for a moment from the blessings of the present hour.

Lord Nithsdale also had reason to rejoice. He beheld the good around him made happy by his means—he could look upon a scene of the purest joy, and without one feeling of regret he could say—



say—"I have done this!" And while every emotion of his heart mingled with the hopes of those around, the placid calmness of his manner threw a harmonious tint over the too-bright hues of pleasure.

"I wonder where Morven can be all this time," said the earl at last, perceiving that, every now and then, a gloom would steal over Catharine's countenance. "He is rather a little bit of a wanderer. Once, when he was but a boy, I lost him for three days; and after scouring the country for him in vain, he made his appearance of his own accord, and wondered that we had been looking for him. We must find some way to steady him," continued the earl, with a smiling look, towards Catharine: "but I think I can give him such a fair reason for behaving well, that we shall hear no more of his wanderings in future."

"It is very foolish of me," thought Catharine, "to think any thing of his absence,

absence, when his own father is so easy about it."

After dinner, when the ladies had retired, the earl rose to depart; but sir Charles Lilliesleaf pressed him so much to stay till evening, and see whether lord Morven would arrive, that he at last consented.—"I have not," said he, "spent the evening out of my own house upon pleasure for many years, yet I will own, sir Charles, that the attractions of yours are so great, that I cannot resist the temptation."

"If your son were here, my lord," replied sir Charles, "I think the party we will now join, if you please, would be complete, and it is evident that my sister is uneasy at his absence; and it is odd too, that when he expected her at Hawthornden, he should leave the place."

"It is strange, certainly," replied the earl, calmly; "but unless we could enter into all the circumstances, for us to judge—

judge——” But, lord Nithsdale himself, although he would not allow it to appear, was himself far from easy at the prolonged absence of his son.

Sir Charles Lilliesleaf now led the way to the large hall, already described, where his mother and sister sat.

The evening closed rapidly in, and sir Charles, taking up his sister's guitar, asked her to sing him one of the songs he used to be so fond of, “auld lang syne.”

“What shall it be, Charles?” demanded she; and forgetting the political principles of the earl, she continued——“shall it be ‘Lewie Gordon?’”

Sir Charles's eye glanced at lord Nithsdale——Catharine, perceiving the mistake she had made, was ready to sink into the earth.

The earl smiled, and instantly humming a stanza of the song in question——  
 “That is the song you meant,” said he  
 to

‘to Catharine—“ is it not? It is a very pretty air ; my voice is old, and cracked now, but once I could sing it with the best of you.”

Catharine felt the kindness of lord Nithsdale—“ Yes,” replied she, “ that is the song. There is another I am very fond of,” and touching a few notes of the guitar, she sung.

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SONG.

Let heroes fight, and parties rage,  
Alternate o’er life’s busy stage,  
And strife and death pursue;  
The praise he shuns is better bought  
By him whose heart, with feeling fraught,  
Invoes of others eye can share;  
And while he wakes them from despair,  
Can feel their pleasure too.

The harp, when music breathes around,  
Untouch’d, will answer every sound,  
And echo every tone;

234      LEGENDS OF SCOTLAND.

And feeling thus (herself afar  
From sorrow's gloom, or pleasure's star),  
Will know each shade of joy or woe;  
With others sigh, with others glow,  
And make each hope her own.

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"That was like yourself, Catharine,"  
whispered her brother.

Lord Nithsdale smiled, well understanding that the song was meant for him, and again pressed Catharine to sing, which she complied with; and thus mingling music and conversation, the night gradually passed on, until a servant, entering, informed lady Lilliesleaf that a man without wished to speak with her.

"Is he a gentleman?" demanded lord Nithsdale, thinking that it was most likely his son.

"He is an oddlike, ill-fa'ed body,"  
replied the man, and was going on; but  
at

at that moment a confused noise was heard from the passage beyond.

“What is that?” cried sir Charles Lilliesleaf, starting up, when the door at the further end of the room burst suddenly open, and two of the servants rushed in, followed by Von Mair, and some of his crew.

The pirate instinctively started back, on beholding the unexpected form of sir Charles Lilliesleaf standing before him.

“M'Donald!” cried sir Charles—“ruffian, what brings you here?” and drawing his sword, he pushed his mother and sister back towards the small room on the left, while lord Nithsdale, also unsheathing his blade, formed the servants into a circle round lady Lilliesleaf and her daughter.

M'Donald was no coward; and though surprised, his heart beat high with the expectation of revenge.—“You,” cried he, turning to his crew, “take care of the old man and the servants—leave  
you.

yon young one to me, and see that none of you touch him." Thus saying, he advanced upon sir Charles Lilliesleaf, with hatred in his heart, and rage flashing from his eyes.

In a few minutes the crew had overpowered lord Nithsdale and the servants, and were fastening their hands behind them, while sir Charles still maintained the conflict against M'Donald. Every lunge of the pirate was aimed firm and true; but sir Charles continued to parry them, always acting on the defensive, and often turning an anxious, hopeless glance on his mother and sister, who were still sheltered behind him.

At length the contest grew more furious; Catharine's brother, perceiving his enemy growing fatigued, now returned the attack with redoubled ardour, and Von Mair, hard pressed, was fain to retreat a step; but at length, in the very act of lunging, the faithless blade of sir Charles Lilliesleaf broke in  
his

his hand, his foot slipped, and he fell upon his knee.

The pirate pressed forward, with rage and anger flashing from his eyes. Lady Lilliesleaf fell fainting before her son—Catharine threw herself on her knees before his enemy—“Any thing—any thing, M'Donald!” exclaimed she, “but spare my brother!”

At that moment a crash was heard at the window—it burst open—a man leaped into the room—another, and another, followed. The pirate turned round, and drew back a step, but the sword of lord Morven was at his breast.

“Yield! yield!” cried Armstrong, who had followed.

There was no time for thought—lord Morven pressed close upon him—several of his men exclaimed they would yield. —“Never!” cried M'Donald. He drew a pistol from his belt—“Revenge, at least,” he exclaimed, and pointed the weapon with one hand towards Catharine,



rine, while he defended himself with the other.

Armstrong rushed in—grappled with him—the pistol went off, and at the same moment Lord Morven's sword entered the heart of the pirate, and Armstrong reeled back, pressed his hand on his side, and fell.

"Armstrong, you are wounded," cried lord Morven, turning to the fallen man.

Armstrong caught his hand—"He has finished me, I believe," cried he, with difficulty; "but I have saved her—I have done one good act."

They raised him up, and Catharine, kneeling beside him, endeavoured to staunch the blood.

"God bless you, madam! God bless you!" cried Armstrong; "oh, I am so glad I have saved you!"

At this moment a new tumult was heard in the passage, and three of Von Mair's crew, who had been left by him on the outside to guard the doors, rushed

ed

ed into the room, followed by the laird of Wurdywa's himself, with the steel cap of king Malcolm set on over his wig, which curled up on each side, the cuirass covering his great coat, two large horse-pistols in his hands, and followed by a *levy-en-masse* of the whole neighbourhood.—“Gif ye attemp to resist,” cried the chivalrous laird, “I’ll blaw a yer brains oot as clean as a whistle.”

The three men, who were making their retreat, in rather a defensive position, now beholding their commander dead, and their comrades prisoners, cried out they would yield; but one of them perceiving the open window, sprung towards it, and before, in the confusion of the moment, they could be stopped, they had effected their escape.

But Wurdywa's, resolving at least to make some prisoners, prepared to seize Armstrong's crew; but here he was prevented by lord Nithsdale, who informed him that they were friends, much to  
the

the laird's mortification, who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, found himself equal to combat windmills, or overthrow giants.

In the meantime, the principal attention of the party was turned to the wounded Armstrong; and Catharine, having staunched the blood as well as she could, ordered the still-trembling servants to carry him to bed, and instantly send for a surgeon, while she herself went to attend lady Lilliesleaf, who, though not hurt, had been agitated until her senses had nearly forsaken her. When Catharine again came to where her mother was, she found her supported in the arms of sir Charles, and scarcely to be convinced that he was not some way injured. Satisfied, at length, with the assistance of her daughter she retired to her own room, leaving sir Charles and lord Nithsdale to arrange every thing below.

Order being now somewhat restored,  
it

..it was agreed to give the prisoners into the custody of the valiant laird of Wurdywa's, who gladly accepted the charge, and at the same time informed lord Nithsdale, that a short time before the attack on lady Lilliesleaf's house, two of the pirates, Von Mair and another, had come to speak to him, concerning some diamonds they wished to sell; that, from something they had let fall, he was led to suspect, and on following them privately, was convinced, that they meditated evil, either upon the mansion or family of his neighbour; whereupon arming himself in haste, and much against the advice of Tibby, his housekeeper, he had collected all the forces within reach, and, like a *prieux chevalier*, had flown to the battle. Thus having concluded, he led his troops in triumph from the field, together with the prisoners committed to his charge; and here it must be observed, that the gallant bearing of the laird, on that event-

fal night, very much enhanced the respect of the neighbours for him; and never after did any of the farmers sons dare to put any practical joke, in the way they had done before, on that redoubted hero.

The prisoners being thus disposed of, sir Charles Lilliesleaf gave orders, that the companions of Armstrong should receive good treatment, and they were accordingly taken down stairs to an excellent supper of beef and strong beer, which had been prepared for the servants of lord Nithsdale; but before they left the room, lord Morven, in the presence of his father, renewed to them all the promises he had made them when they first engaged to serve him, to which the earl added, that, in addition to their pardon, he would endeavour to procure them some less precarious and more honourable mode of living. Within a few minutes after their quitting the apartment, Catharine having paid every  
attention

attention to her mother, returned, and passing, with averted eyes, the bloody body of M'Donald, which had not yet been removed, was advancing towards her brother; but lord Nithsdale met her, and taking her hand, he placed it in that of his son—"Madam," said he, "is it with your consent?" Catharine blushed deeply, but suffered lord Morven to retain her hand. "I think," continued the earl, "he could never have come at a fitter moment to plead for himself. Morven," turning to his son, "deserve what you have obtained! I have had opportunity of observing, through a night that would have severely tried the firmest heart, and the result is, that I would give half my fortune to procure you such a wife."

Morven made no reply but by raising Catharine's hand to his lips, when, much to his surprise, she suddenly turned pale, and started back; for, raising her eyes for a moment to the face of her

lover, she beheld it trickling with blood, which flowed from a wound he had received on the forehead.

“ Oh, it is nothing, Catharine !” said Morven, perceiving the cause of her alarm ; “ a mere scratch !” and he wiped his brow with his handkerchief. “ But come,” continued he, “ let us quit this melancholy room, and I will tell you all my adventures, which are not a little curious ; part of yours, Catharine, I am already acquainted with ; and that you were saved by a ghost, whom I take to be this gentleman.”

“ That is my brother,” replied Catharine, with a smile.

“ Your brother !” cried lord Morven ; “ in all this confusion, it never struck me that he could be your brother. Sir Charles Lilliesleaf,” continued he, taking his hand, “ I am most happy to meet with you in Scotland, for now I think we may be all happy.”

“ We have indeed much cause,” replied

plied sir Charles; "but come, sir, according to your idea, I think we had better leave this room," and he led the way to what would now be called Catharine's Boudoir, where lord Morven related to them all that happened to him since the night of Halloween, while Catharine listened, with feelings of the most intense interest, to every part of his history.

"In return, sir Charles explained to him the adventure of the ghost at Roslin, and informed him of every thing that had occurred since.

"Indeed," said lord Morven, when sir Charles had concluded, "I find now from experience, that what you told me yesterday morning, Catharine, is but too true—that concealment seldom leads to any good; and in the way to happiness, as in almost every thing else, the nearest road generally takes longest to travel."

"I believe it does," said sir Charles Lilliesleaf; "and therefore, in future, if you please, Catharine," looking to his



sister—"in future, we will take the straight road, which I am sure lord Morven will not object to, as, by his own account, that will be the shortest."

"Oh! the shortest by all means!" replied lord Morven; "for, to tell you the truth, I am all impatience to arrive at the end of my journey."

"Spoken like a young man!" said the earl; "but what do you think, Morven? I have made a very bold promise for you; it is, that you shall be steady for the future."

"Steady!" replied Morven, fixing his eyes on Catharine; "you might well promise that. When you gave me a treasure, you made me a miser, and my whole life shall be devoted to guarding it."

Lord Nithsdale and his son staid to supper with sir Charles Lilliesleaf, and cheerfulness again diffused itself through the circle; and although Catharine could not get over her fears, and would start  
whenever

whenever a sound was heard at the door, yet her mind was relieved respecting Morven's absence, and futurity seemed to offer nothing but happiness.

Before the departure of lord Morven and his father, the surgeon who had been sent for arrived; and having extracted the ball which had entered Armstrong's side, he expressed many doubts of his recovery.—“Not that I will say,” concluded he, “that he will surely die, for I have seen worse wounds than this cured ere now; but as the ball has gone directly through his body, it is very likely that it may have injured some vital part.”

“I hope not,” replied lord Morven; “for though that man has been misled, his heart, I am convinced, is originally good; and I will confess that I should be most sorry, if he lost his life in the first essay he has made to return to the right path.” Morven then went up to the room where Armstrong lay, and ex-

pressed his hope that he was not seriously injured.

“Thank you, my lord!” replied Armstrong—“thank you! if I die, I die in a good cause; but I don’t think I shall. I am more easy now, and I have three parts of a mind to live, and be an honest man yet.”

## CHAPTER X. -

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

POPE.

.....

Fair lovers ! you are fortunately met ;  
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.  
Egeus, I will o'erbear your will ;  
For in the temple, by and by with us,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

My tale now draws near a conclusion,  
and it only remains briefly to tell the  
remaining history of those whose after  
life was marked by no event out of the  
common course of circumstance.

A very few days after the exploits  
which shed a lustre over his remaining  
years, the valiant laird of Wurdywa's  
received the hand of Mrs. Tibby Arm-  
strong,

strong, the lineal descendant of king Malcolm.

The bridal procession was neither singular nor splendid, but according to the custom observed when people of a certain substance are married. The happy pair mounted on horseback, and set out at a quick pace for the residence of the minister, who, luckily for the credit of Tibby's horsemanship, did not make his abode at any great distance.

After the ceremony, to which they had been attended by an immense train of friends and cousins, the laird and lady of Wurdywa's returned to their mansion, and the evening of that most auspicious day was concluded by a dance and all the usual formalities.

In after years, it was observed by the neighbours that the conduct of Tibby was much changed since she had become a lady; and this Wurdywa's himself was supposed to feel, for though he seemed at all times most satisfied in the choice

· choice he had made, yet it was wonderful the deference and respect he paid to the sage opinion of his better half.

Lord Morven and Catharine were united, and the earl soon saw his fondest wishes realized, 'and' his name descending to the children of those he loved; and often in the decline of his life he would ask his daughter-in-law, with an expectant smile, if Morven had deserved the blessing he had met; while Catharine would press her infant to her breast, and smile in the fullness of a youthful mother's hope.

Armstrong gradually recovered from the wound he had received, but ever after he was a very different man from what he had been before sickness had given him time to reflect over his former life; and thought acting upon a heart originally good, taught him effectually to reform all that was bad in his character; nor, when recovered, had  
he

he any reason to think that he had served an ungrateful man.

Lord Morven entered with interest into all the plans of his future life, and being enabled, by the assistance of that nobleman, to equip a vessel, he commenced a regular trade to the West Indies, having engaged, as his principal crew, all those who had assisted him in his opposition to Von Mair. For some years he pursued this occupation, and at length, as the heavy hand of Time bowed even his athletic frame, he found himself in a situation to retire from his employment, and spend the rest of his life in ease and opulence.

Many more years than generally fall to the lot of humanity passed mildly over the head of lady Lilliesleaf, and they were years of calm repose, after having experienced the various vicissitudes of fortune to which the political disturbances of the kingdom had exposed.

posed her. She now tasted with increased pleasure the blessings of peace and domestic security ; and looking round on a scene of almost-unalloyed happiness, she forgot all the sorrows she had before undergone ;

The mind of sir Charles Lilliesleaf was adapted for contentment. Misfortune and much converse with the world had made him perhaps not so susceptible of pleasure as many others might be ; but at the same time he did not so acutely feel the casual un comforts of life. Care, early experienced, had broken the thorns from the rose of enjoyment, but left the flowers to blossom in his bosom. He had attained what few can boast of—serenity ; and now, seeing the happiness of all he most loved and most esteemed, he felt that he was happy himself.

On the night that the crew of Von Mair fled from the avenging justice which had overtaken their commander,  
it



it may be remembered that Armstrong had left three men to protect the boats, and as the first resort of the fugitives was to the sea-shore, they almost immediately encountered their former companions. Here a severe conflict took place, but at length the pirates made themselves masters of one of the boats, and instantly pulled off for the ship.

Their after-fate is not exactly ascertained, but on that night a tremendous storm took place in the Firth, and a ship was plainly to be perceived in distress some distance out at sea.

The next morning, the Dutch brig was nowhere to be seen, and several parts of a wreck were drifted on shore, but without any marks to denote whether it absolutely was or was not the vessel in question.

Years however passed away, and the pirates or their vessel were never again heard of; and in the meanwhile the lives of Catharine and Morven passed peacefully

fully and happily on in the beautiful scenes round Roslin Castle: nor had either ever cause to regret the adventures of that evening, for happiness, like a sun-beam breaking through a cloud, is doubly grateful when it springs out of the bosom of distress, and hearts are never so firmly knit together as by dangers and sorrows mutually experienced.

THE END.

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